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AN OLD MINIATURE.

BY M. MACMILLAN.

"You showed me, Rob, the other day
A miniature so full of grace
That it hath stolen my heart away—
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go.
The eyes had caught the heav'nly hue,
The proud lips gave you Cupid's bow,
The brow was steadfast, strong and true.

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
(Her eye is blue as china ware:)
Or this? (Her face is like the sun.)
Stay! Here's the likeness I dare swear.

"No, none of those, Rob: none of these,
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
I know her well—and little Rose:
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare;
In yonder cabinet it lay;
Then breathe my lady's name, and where
Her knight may follow her to-day."

"Your fond impatience urges me,
To seek the fair enchantress' face—
Yet here lies all my gallery;
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night;
It lies apart, half packed, to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? Oh, strange weird fate,
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!"

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

BEVIS assured Mary, with a vigorous flop of his tail, that he was quite aware of his advantages.

"Do you know," the girl went on, "that I should not mind—but this is a very, very particular secret—wearing a dog-collar too with Dick's name on it? It is a shameful thing to say"—shaking her brown head—"especially nowadays, you know, Bevis dear, when women are so clever, and have such a poor opinion of men. But it is quite true.

"I like Dick well enough for that. I should not like to wear a dog-collar with any other man's name on it, you know, Bevis!

"I don't feel at all doggified when Mr. Arnold the Rector comes to see us, except that I should like very much to bark and frighten him away.

"But Dick?

"Oh, Dick was good to me long, long ago, you see, when he could very ill afford it! He used to work for me as well as for his mother.

"How can women pretend to despise men when they are so kind and so cheerful and so steadfast?

"Bevis, I am afraid your poor little Mistress Mary is only a stupid old-fashioned sort of girl, and this beautiful lady—I forget her name—in my novel here would turn up her Grecian nose at me for expressing such contemptible sentiments. But never mind her. You and I have nothing to do with lords and ladies, thank goodness! We belong to Dick! Isn't it a piece of good luck?

"Always to live under his roof, and to sit by the fire with him in the winter evenings when he is at home! And he is coming soon.

"The days are growing shorter. The fire in the drawing-room is pleasant this afternoon—now isn't it, though it is only September, and the trees are only just beginning to change color? Bevis"—reproachfully—"have you really gone to sleep on my gown while I have been talking to you about Dick? I would not have believed it of you, sir! You lazy"—a soft blow—"good for nothing"—another—"ungrateful, unsympathetic, unromantic old scamp! I——"

"Mary!"

The girl started up from her seat at the window, and a sudden joyful color rushed into her face.

"Mary," shouted a cheerful tenor voice up the stairs, "you are a nice young person! Where are you, miss, and why don't you come and welcome the wanderer home?"

"Why," she said, in happy surprise, "it is Dick!

"He has come back!"

Bevis had jumped up, and was scratching at the door and madly whining and barking.

Mary opened the door for him, and the old dog went scuffling and barking downstairs in the wildest excitement.

But she waited herself, to smooth her rippling brown hair, to adjust her pale blue gown, and to put both hands up to her glowing cheeks.

"I must not be too glad," she said to herself.

"Bevis is better off than I am, after all. He can bark as much as he likes, and jump into Dick's arms. Oh how red my cheeks are still!"

The girl peeped into the glass, and drew back half startled at the sight of her own radiant face.

"Papa, potatoes, prunes, prisms," she said gravely adjusting her dimples—"I think I shall bear inspection now!"

She ran down-stairs singing a snatch of a song.

Dick was standing in the hall still with his mother, and Bevis was leaping about his master and making a tremendous scene.

"Dick," she exclaimed, with a pretty affectation of anger, "what in the world brings you back in this 'promiscuous' way? Have you no pity on our nerves? Have you quite forgotten the existence of that useful invention, the electric telegraph? Was there ever such an absurd cousin in the world as you?"

Dick Strong caught Mary's two hands in his own and gave them a cordial squeeze.

Bevis began to bark jealously.

Mrs. Strong looked on from the drawing-room door, her face full of contentment.

"You are better," Mary said, pulling him into the drawing-room.

"You will be better still when you have had your dinner. Mother, isn't it disgraceful of him to take us unawares in this fashion?

"Suppose that you and I had made up our minds to dine on cups of tea, as Trollope declares that women do when they are left to themselves? It would have served him right."

"I was not afraid," declared Dick comfortably; "and I am as hungry as a hunter. Upon my word, Mistress Mary—talk about looking well! Such roses and carnations as these were never watered with a tea-pot."

It was a very happy meal, though little Mary, while she said nothing about it, did not fail to observe that Dick was very absent, and that in spite of his professions of hunger, he ate very little and drank less.

"He is tired," she thought. "I will take no notice."

And indeed it was not until they were comfortably established in the drawing-room again, and Mary had given him some tea, that the young man succeeded in rousing himself from the fit of musing which seemed to have taken possession of him.

"We have enjoyed your letter so much, dear," his mother began gently, when the silence had lasted rather longer than usual; "though of late they have not been quite so long

"Was Dinard very pretty and gay? Mary and I have some idea of going there next year, you must know."

"Very pretty," declared Dick, sitting up in his easy-chair.

"And I have so much to tell you—I mean besides what I wrote about. And, first of all, I want to speak to you and Mary about Ninon."

"Ninon?"—Mary looked up from her crewel-work.

"Yes," interrupted Mrs Strong somewhat hurriedly.

"I don't think I mentioned to you, Mary that Dick had met his cousins, the Misses Masserene, at Avranches. I did not think it of much importance at the time; but it appears that they are quite nice girls, and—and that Dick and they struck up quite a friendship."

"That must have been very jolly," said Mary cordially.

"What are they like, Dick? Pretty? Did you flirt with them both?"

"You ought to be aware, Miss Hawthorn," said Dick, with somewhat forced lightness, "that I am not in the habit of flirting with pretty cousins."

"Oh, you mean me!" said the girl, blushing and laughing.

"I'm nobody; I don't count. But do tell us about your cousins. Aren't they my cousins too, in some remote way? What are their names, Dick?"

"The youngest is called Tiffany," said Dick, with elaborate carelessness. "She is only a child of fifteen or sixteen."

"And the eldest! What is she called?"

A little stealing smile touched the corner of poor Dick's bearded mouth.

"Ninon," he said tenderly, as the name of his darling brought before him the beautiful pale face and wistful smile that had been so fatal to his peace of mind.

A little momentary silence fell upon the two listening women.

The click of Mary's needle could be heard.

Mrs. Strong stirred very uneasily in her chair.

"Ninon?"

Mary said then, with a smile, though she kept her head bent over her work.

"Is she as pretty as her name, Dick?"

"You cannot call her pretty," answered the lover slowly. "She is simply the most beautiful young creature that it is possible to imagine."

"Really, Dick!" said his mother, laughing somewhat forcibly.

"It is true, mother, I assure you"—trying his best to speak in an unconcerned way. "Lady Ingram is greatly taken with her. She predicts a great match for her one of these days. They are coming to England this year—soon."

"To England?" echoed Mrs. Strong.

Mary was silent.

"Yes," the young man went on hurriedly now.

"It was about that that I wanted to speak to you, mother.

"They are going to live at Marybridge, near Mr. Beaufoy's place there, you know; and I thought, if you and Mary did not mind, that it would be kindness to ask the two girls here for a few weeks while the cottage is being put in order."

There was a second little pause; but it was Mary who broke it this time.

"I am sure mother would not mind," she said brightly.

"And, as for me, I should be delighted to have such a lovely new cousin to look at and to talk to. Mother"—coaxingly—"you will ask Ninon and Tiffany to come to us?"

"If Lady Ingram has taken them up," answered Mrs. Strong rather coldly, "and if Miss Masserene is looking forward to a great position in the world, I am afraid they will find our house very dull, and ourselves very quiet sort of people."

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" urged Dick eagerly.

"You don't know Ninon yet, or you would not say so.

"She has been urged into a good deal of dissipation lately, I admit by Lady Ingram; but at heart she is the simplest, sweetest girl in the world. She—but there"—he broke off, conscious that Mary's brown eyes were earnestly fixed on his face—"I will say no more. You will see for yourselves one of these days, I hope."

"Yes, I hope so," asserted Mary cheerfully.

Her work was trembling in her fingers; but her voice was perfectly steady. "When would you like them to come, Dick? You know mother leaves all these things to me."

"They could not be in kinder little hands," cried Dick warmly; and at the words a sudden flush rose into the girl's downcast face.

"Let me see—they are to leave Avranches at the end of the month. We might have them here for October; we can show them the theatres and whatever is going in the way of amusements."

"We will make them as gay as ever we can," declared Mary brightly, as she rose and put away her work.

"But they won't expect gaiety," persisted Dick earnestly.

"Why, you know they are going to live at Marybridge, which is about the slowest little hole in the world! And Ninon has refused to stay with Lady Ingram for her sister's sake.

"She is so good to Tiffany: but then Mary and she will be great friends, I know, and she will find out all this for herself."

"Yes, great friends, I hope," Mary assented cheerfully; and then she wished mother and son good night, and Dick stood up to light her candle to open the door for her.

"You are the dearest and best of little cousins!" he whispered playfully. "And—only wait until you see Ninon!"

"Good night," said Mary again, with a smile as she went out of the room, singing a little snatch of a song.

She went singing up the stairs, and did not stop until she had safely locked herself into her room, all blue-and-white chintz and light polished ash, where she had been sitting that afternoon and talking to Bevis of Dick's return. She put down her candle and sank into a chair, looking blankly before her.

"Ninon," she said half aloud.

"Ninon!"

* * * * * *

Dick went down to Southampton to meet Mrs. Masserene and her daughters.

From Southampton Mrs. Masserene went on at once to Marybridge, and Ninon and Tiffany, under their cousin's charge, proceeded to Waterloo Station, and thence to Barnes, where Mary was waiting in her pony-carriage to drive them across the common to the cottage.

Bevis was in attendance as usual; but the girl had hardly a word to say to her faithful old friend.

She was conscious of a devouring anxiety to see Ninon, an anxiety which nevertheless was almost swallowed up in a nervous dread of the meeting.

And yet nothing could have been simpler.

She heard the train arrive, and, while she was still occupied in calming her ponies, Dick emerged from the little station, radiant, his gray eyes alight, and with him two girls in travelling-dresses—one ugly, with frizzy red hair, the other tall and slim, but having a thick brown veil tied over her her face.

"Ah, here is Mistress Mary!" cried Dick cheerfully: and in a moment more he was introducing her new cousins to her.

"This is Ninon, of course," he said, helping in the tall veiled figure. "And this"—bundling in the other—"is little Tiff. Now

Molly, as fast as you like, dear, for we are all starving!

"Biggs is there to see to the luggage. That's all right; off we go!"

He was in wild spirits. It seemed to Mary Hawthorn that she hardly recognized her sober cousin in this eager, talkative, radiant young fellow.

"It is the French air, Mary," he declared apologetically.

"They brought a whiff of it with them as far as Southampton, and it has got into my head, I believe."

"He is not always so wild then?"

Ninon said this gently to Mary, in her foreign accent.

Her voice was wonderfully sweet, even in the girl's reluctant ears.

"But it is Tiff and I who should go crazy! Do you know that we have been in England before?"

"I hope you will be very happy here," Mary said, a little unsteadily, but smiling bravely at the charming veiled face opposite.

"Thank you! Oh, I am sure that we shall! And there is no fog. Why do people always abuse the English climate? It is lovely today.

"The sky is clear and blue, like the sky of Normandy.

"Oh, Tiff, can you believe that we are really in England, after all?"

But Tiff was too shy to speak.

She was leaning over the little carriage and holding out her hand to Bevis as he trotted along beside it.

"You are fond of dogs?" Mary said turning kindly to her.

"Oh, Mademoiselle—I mean yes, my cousin," answered Tiff, hastily correcting herself, and blushing a good deal.

Mary's kind heart warmed to the ugly embarrassed little thing.

She formed a theory in her mind, in spite of all that Dick had said, that Ninon was a hard elder sister to the little Cinderella of the family, and that she herself would never like the beauty, who sat so still behind her veil, with poor Dick's ardent eyes fastened upon her hidden face.

Indeed Ninon said but little during the drive, or when they stopped at the old-fashioned gate of the cottage and saw the door open and Mrs. Strong waiting in the hall to receive them.

The sisters had adjoining rooms, two pretty English nests of comfort and cleanliness and chintz.

Tiffany, who had not had Ninon's wider experience in such matters, declared that she would not be able to sleep for looking at all the pretty things with which she was surrounded.

Mary had put an abundance of autumn flowers out of her garden in various jars and dishes about the rooms; fires were briskly burning, easy-chairs drawn up to the hearth.

"I wonder what Francine would say to all this!" cried little Tiff, as Miss Hawthorn gave a last look round to see that she had everything she could require.

"And, mademoiselle—I mean cousin Mary—will it be like this in the cottage at Marybridge?"

"Yes, I should think so," answered Mary simply.

"This is only a very quiet little English house, you know though I love it dearly because I have lived here all my life with my aunt and with Dick."

Tiff looked up with her shrewd eyes as she caught the tremor in poor little Mary's voice.

"Dick is very good," she said, nodding. "He has often and often talked about you too. You are kind also! I think all the people in England are kind!"

"I am sure you will find them so, Tiff!" said Mary, giving her an affectionate kiss. "They won't be able to help being kind to you. And now"—with a little formality—"I must go and peep at Ninon, and make sure that she is quite comfortable."

She knocked, and was admitted.

Ninon was brushing her hair, and turned with a smile so sweet, and with such dazzling great eyes, that little Mary stood and fairly stared at the beautiful young creature whose face she saw for the first time.

"Oh," she said involuntary, "I understand now all that Dick has told us! Oh, Ninon, I never saw any one so pretty as you, even in a picture or on the stage!"

Ninon came over to her and put her arms about her.

"That need not prevent you from liking me," she said gently. "I do not care about my prettiness at all. At least—yes, I do care for it; it would not be honest to pretend that I did not! But I mean I value other things much more. I would rather be loved than admired. Mary, try to love me a little, if—if only for Dick's sake, who is so fond of you."

Mary's brown eyes filled with tears.

"I think I meant not to love you," she said, with an unsteady little laugh. "But I don't see how I am to help myself. And it will not be for Dick's sake; it will be for your own, my dear!"

"Thank you, Mary!" Ninon kissed her in her foreign little way on each cheek. "Dick said you would be good; but I think I was a little afraid. I am not afraid now—oh, no—not at all!"

CHAPTER XI.

DICK STRONG thought that he had never known what happiness meant before.

To have Ninon under his roof, away from all exciting or disturbing influences; to be able to walk with her, and talk to her, and sit by the piano while she sang to them all; to see her with her pretty manner to his mother, her frank gaiety and friendliness to Mary—was it not worth while, to have lived through all the jealous doubts and agonies of the past few weeks in order to have arrived at all this?

It was not that he had any more hope now than before of ever calling Ninon his wife.

He believed himself to be thoroughly resigned to the knowledge that such a supreme joy was not for him.

But because of that knowledge could he be blind to the girl's beauty and charm, could he coldly refuse to respond to her pretty sisterly advances?

The poor fellow's greatest happiness sprang from the conquest which the beautiful Miss Masserene had made of his reluctant sweet little mother.

Mrs. Strong had long since made up her mind—even before Mary came into her fortune—that Dick was to marry his cousin. She could not bear the thought of ever letting the girl go who had come to be as a daughter to her.

And what other woman would ever make her boy so happy as bright, cheerful, brown-eyed Mary, who, the mother was secretely persuaded, had loved him all her life?

Not a word on the subject had ever passed between the two women; but, each knew what was in the heart of the other; and to both the knowledge of Dick's hopeless infatuation for his lovely young cousin had come with much the same shock.

Mary, from the first, had called her maidenly pride to her.

It was not Dick's fault, she decided bravely, if she had been so unwomanly as to indulge in dreams of the future which had no foundation, except in her own imagination.

And she would rather die than let him suspect that she cared for him, as she had cared for him ever since she came to live under his roof, and as she would care, she knew, for no other man in all her life.

And the fascination which Ninon could exert when she chose over man and woman alike had made her task all the more easy. Mary could not help loving the girl whose fair face was likely to cause her so much pain in the future.

She told herself with a doleful little laugh that she must be a weak-minded sort of person altogether, for she was not even capable of a good hearty jealousy, but was growing every day more and more convinced that Dick was not to blame for loving a creature so brilliant and so winning as Ninon Masserene.

"I suppose some women are born to be happy and splendid and triumphant like that," the girl told her old confident Bevis one day.

"And, when they drive through the world with their captives bound to their chariot-wheels, the applause is so loud that they cannot hear the cries of one or two insignificant victims that have been thrown down and trampled upon in the course of their triumphal progress; and they, dear Bevis?"

Bevis appeared to confess that the subject was beyond him, but he put his rough old head on Mistress Mary's lap and looked at her wistfully, seeing that there were tears in her brown eyes.

"Never mind, you dearest of old dogs!" whispered Mary.

"It is something to be able to spare Dick a little pain, if we can do nothing else. He would be sorry, I know, if he thought that, even unintentionally, he had hurt his little cousin who has grown up at his side to know and to love him. And I will take care that he shall never know.

"Little Maries have their own place in the world as well as these beautiful sweet Ninons whom every one adores. And there is one thing I can do very well, Bevis—do you know? I can bear pain without crying out, except to you, my old dog—except to you; and you wont tell!"

Ninon was amazed and touched by the girl's courage and cheerfulness.

A very few minutes in her presence had sufficed to put her in possession of Mary's tender little secret, and to cause her another of the many self-reproachful pangs she had felt since the first day she had met Dick Strong.

How could he be so blind, she wondered, as not to see the happiness that awaited him at home, as to turn from the steady flame of Mary's womanly devotion, dazzled by her own Will-o'-the-wisp-like radiance?

"Of course he must marry Mary Hawthorn!" she decided superbly.

"I will laugh him out of his foolish fancy for me before I go.

"Why are men so selfish and so perverse? Can't he see the pain that he is causing that dear little mother of his, who has set her heart upon a match between the cousins? Dick must be made to listen to reason before my visit comes to an end.

"I don't choose to be haunted ever after by aunt Dorothy's reproachful face. And I have told him all along that there was no hope. I wish his mother would understand that."

For the beautiful Miss Masserene could not be happy, or even contented, unless she was basking in the full approval and liking of those around her.

She liked to know that the very servants admired her, and that she was popular with them; she took pains to spare them trouble and to treat them with the most perfect consideration, partly because it was natural to her, but, above all, that she might be quite sure of their approbation.

And how much more was she anxious to win over Dick's mother, and to atone for any careless folly in the past few weeks, when she and her cousin had been thrown so much together, and she had not known what sort of a girl Mary Hawthorn was, by bringing about the marriage on which aunt Dorothy had set her heart!

She began by speaking of Mary Hawthorn.

It was a subject on which Mrs. Strong liked to dilate.

And Ninon's praises of her child pleased her, as well as the modest sweetness and submission of the young beauty's manner, to herself, and her most gentle and womanly way in their quiet home.

Ninon was always bringing her work to aunt Dorothy's side, and sitting with her while the other young people made music together in the evening.

This naturally threw Dick and Mary together; but then there was little Tiffany to make a third, and poor Dick was always straining his ear to catch a word or two from the low stool by his mother's chair, and adoring Ninon all the more for her sweetness in devoting herself to aunt Dorothy.

How well he had always known, he thought, that Ninon's faults were entirely due to her education and surroundings!

Was it likely that a girl could grow up with nice English notions in that shabby Avranches household of which he had caught a glimpse?

Of course she had been only too glad to escape from it and to rush into the dissipation offered her by Lady Ingram.

But, in spite of all her perversity, she was easily led and moulded, the young man decided; and now, with sweet and homelike influences around her, she was her true self.

She was what he had always believed her to be, and it was evident that dress and excitement and flirtation were no more necessary to her happiness than they were to dear little Mary's, who had grown up in fortunate ignorance of all such hurtful vanities.

The good fellow's secret exultation knew no bounds when he saw his mother's reserve of manner and concealed distrust of Ninon melt daily and hourly in the warmth of the girl's smiles.

"Well, mother?" he said one night, when he had seen Mrs. Strong lay her hand fondly on Ninon's head as she knelt at her side and wished poor aunt Dorothy good night.

"Well, Dick?" echoed his mother.

They were alone.

The three girl had gone laughing and chattering up the stairs.

Dick sat down on Ninon's little stool and laid his curly head in the mother's lap.

"Wasn't I right about her?" he asked quietly.

"Is she such a terrible young flirt, such a lover of excitement and dissipation as you supposed?"

Mrs. Strong put her hand on his forehead and smoothed back Dick's crisp blond curls.

"She is a beautiful and winning young creature," she said slowly.

"I believe that the man who makes her his wife can lead her where he will—for good or for evil."

"Oh, mother, not for evil!" said Dick, putting his hand up to clasp hers.

"No, Heaven forbid that it should be for evil! But, Dick, she is easily swayed, easily influenced."

"And if she is—so long as it is for good, mother?"—"Ah, Dick!"

"Then you suspect her still?"

The young man sat up and looked eagerly into his mother's face.

"You believe that"—hotly—"she is acting a part, because she seems happy with us here in our quiet house. Mother, I think you are hard upon her."

"No, Dick, I am not"—gently.

"And I have not said one word about acting.

"I believe Ninon to be quite sincere—for the time.

"She believes herself to be contented amongst us all,"

"Mother!"

"But is it quite natural that she should not have some regrets for the brilliant life she has renounced—and generously, Dick—for her sister's sake?

"Do you think that she will be as contented a year hence?"

"And yet you say you are not hard upon her, mother.

"If you only knew all she has given up! If you knew how she was flattered, followed raved about—if you had seen the dresses and trinkets that Lady Ingram saw fit to deck her in! If you knew what a series of daily triumphs her life was, and yet knew—as I did—how it sickened and wearied her, how glad she was to break away from it all! Oh, mother, think of how she has grown up—think of all these poor girls have had to bear!"

"Dick, Dick!" said Mrs. Strong, shaking her head.

"If boys ever did listen to their mother's advice about such matters——"

Dick colored.

"You think I am a fool for—for caring for Ninon as much as I do," he said very abruptly.

"Don't I know it as well as you? Don't I know that I might as well hope to marry the Princess Beatrice as Ninon Masserene? But, if—if she cared for me well enough, I do not think my poverty would stand in the way, or the simplicity of our life; and you see"—his voice sank—"I can't help caring for her, mother.

"These things are not under our own control.

"Don't you think that, if I could, I would not rather fall in love with a girl who would marry me and make me happy than spend my life in hankering after what can never be mine? But it is my fate, I suppose, and I must not complain."

"If others do not suffer too!" said Mrs. Strong sadly.

Her son rose and took her in his arms.

"You must not be sorry for me, mother," he said.

"I am happier in such pain than in any other joy you could wish for me."

It was plain that he had no idea she had alluded to Mary.

Meanwhile Mrs. Masserene was busily preparing Laurel Lodge for her daughters' arrival.

Not many days of their visit to the cottage remained, Dick declared that they must make the most of them.

Little Tiffany was quite bewildered with all the sight-seeing they accomplished in London, with the theatres, and the pleasant suppers afterwards, and the chats by the fire that lasted long into the night.

Then there were drives in Mary Hawthorn's pony-carriage, and walks on the common, with old Bevis to run races with her, and such a profusion of books and flowers and music as the child, until then, had hardly believed possible.

Ninon too would have been happy but for the uneasy conviction that aunt Dorothy and Mary too, were gradually throwing her more and more into Dick's society.

Did they not understand, she wondered, that such a thing as they seemed to suggest was quite, quite out of the question?

She began to talk to Dick about Mary Hawthorn.

Their talk had a very confidential air, and seemed to lead to nothing but a strengthening of the general misunderstanding.

"To-morrow is our last day," Ninon said, on the evening before the sisters went away.

"I am so sorry to go, Dick! Tiffany and I know now what home means."

"You must come back," Dick said in a low voice.

"I am going too, you know, in a few weeks to—to Africa. But my mother and Mary will always be so delighted to have you, dear. You know that—don't you?"

"I know that they are the two kindest and sweetest women in the world," said Ninon earnestly.

"But—I don't think I shall ever come back."

"Why not?" Dick cried alarmed.

"Because I have no right here! Because you are blind and stupid, Dick! Oh"—the girl clasped her hands—"can't you see, don't you know, why I ought never to come back to the house where Mary Hawthorn lives?"

Dick turned pale.

"You are utterly mistaken," he said hurriedly.

"I assure you that you are. But, even if it were true, it cannot be helped. You know that I ask nothing of you, Ninon; but you cannot prevent me from loving you. I would not love you if I could help it—I tell you so frankly; but I cannot help it—and"—his voice broke—"never speak to me again of another woman. It is cruel."

Ninon looked after him as he left the room.

And she too was unusually pale.

What had she done?

Why had she ever come to poor Dick's home?

She had known about Mary all along.

In her heart of hearts she had known——

Some words of Mrs. Strong's came back to her, that she had spoken to her one day when they had begun to know each other. The woman had spoken to her as her mother might, of the influence which had been given to her over men and women alike, and of the sacred responsibility such a gift involved.

"Let it be for good," the anxious woman had said.

"Try to make people the happier and better for your beauty, Ninon."

Had she done that so far?

When she had met Dick in the great gray porch of the Norman abbey, why had she not let him go, as Lady Ingram had bidden her?

And afterwards, when he had spoken to her in the moonlight at Dinard, when he had tried to break from her, why had she not sent him away?

She had lovers and admirers enough, but see could not bear to let him go, though she knew that she cared for him no more than for the rest of the men with whom she had danced and flirted for a time.

And, even under his own roof, had it been altogether displeasing to her to know that he was not cured of his madness?

She would have been glad to see him married to Mary Hawthorn; but could she have borne to know that Mary had never suspected his precious passion for her?

The girl put her two hands wildly to her head, as she stood in the firelit drawing-room.

"Let it be for good," she repeated half aloud—"let it be for good; and now what have I done?"

* * * * * * * * *

When Dick Strong came home from Africa, it was summer again, and the London season was at its height; and the beauty of the season, he learned, was Miss Masserene, a debutante and Lady Ingram's cousin.

"Yes; Ninon is with Lady Ingram again" his mother told him. "We have not seen her yet. No doubt she has been too busy to call."

Mary, who had grown a little thin and pale, looked up wistfully at Dick's disturbed face.

"I dare say Lady Ingram has prevented her," she said, smiling, "She knows that we are so opposed to all her notions, and that we should do our best to induce Ninon to return to us."

Dick found out that Lady Ingram had a furnished house in Dover Street for the season, and determined to call. For some days he was unsuccessful in his attempts to

see Lady Ingram and Ninon; but at last a little note came from his cousin, asking him to come to luncheon next day.

He went, to find her surrounded by half a dozen men, and it proved almost impossible to get a word with her. She was looking lovelier than ever, her figure having acquired a new roundness and grace of outline, and her costume being as becoming and fantastic as the pretty old white ones he remembered so well at Dinard.

The girl blushed brilliantly when her cousin made his appearance, and then turned as suddenly pale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Three Minutes to Twelve.

BY W. H. BENCKERT.

ON a cold December night, some twenty years ago, when the earth was bound in a black frost and the bitter wind blew strong and shrewdly, I was returning home from spending the evening at a friend's house, situated some three or four miles out of the town.

The sky was so black, the country lanes were so dark, that I was truly thankful when the scattered lights of an outlying suburb began to twinkle in the distance: and it was with a sigh of relief that I stopped under the first lamp-post I came to and looked at my watch.

It was no easy task, for the lamp-glass had a pane broken and the strong wind blew the gas in all directions and almost extinguished it.

I read the time at last—three minutes to twelve—and, looking up from my watch-face, I started to see a man standing close opposite me.

I had heard nothing of his approach.

We looked at each other but for a moment, yet it was time sufficient to imprint his features indelibly on my memory.

A tall, shabby man, in a thread-bare, black frock coat and a seedy tall hat, his face lantern-jawed and sallow, his eyes sunken and lustreless, his beard long and ill-trimmed.

In a tone of elaborate civility he asked me the time, thanked me for my answer, and, giving me good-night, passed into the black darkness which seemed to engulf him like a grave.

I turned for a moment to think of his lonely walk in that grim obscurity, and resumed my homeward way, laughing at myself for the start he had given me, and reflecting that the strong wind had blown away the sound of his approach.

I thought of him as I sat and smoked my pipe over my fire, and felt a comfortable shudder steal upon me as I imagined him facing the bitter blast in his insufficient clothing.

In the course of a week or two the incident—trifling enough,—Heaven knows—faded from my memory and I thought no more of it.

In those days I was actively engaged in the timber trade, and the course of my business took me a good deal about the county, and brought me largely in contact with the agents of the different noblemen and country gentlemen of the district.

With one of these agents who resided near the county town of L——, I had numerous transactions, and I used often to run down to L—— to meet him, for the town was only fifteen miles away, and was a line of railway.

It was a dull little hole enough, that only warmed up into life when the militia were out, or the assizes were on.

One night I returned from L——, having just made a large purchase from my friend the agent, whose master, a sporting nobleman, was reduced to cut down the family timber.

When I fell asleep that night I had a very simple but vivid dream.

I thought I was standing on a lofty hill.

By my side stood a veiled figure, who, with a commanding gesture, motioned me towards the town of L——, which lay in the far distance.

Then I awoke.

Of course I explained the thing to myself easily enough.

I had been a good deal engaged in the neighborhood of the place and had a large venture more or less remotely connected with it.

Still the dream was so vivid that I could not dismiss it from my thoughts during the whole of the day, and when I went to bed at night I wondered if it would again visit me.

It did come again; precisely the same dream in precisely the same manner.

Once more I found a convincing explanation.

Doubtless I had been thinking too much about the first dream, and this had given rise to the second.

But my explanation did not convince me in the least; again I was haunted by the thing throughout the day, and when I came home at night my preoccupation was so evident that it attracted the attention of my wife.

She questioned me upon the cause, and, only too thankful to unbosom myself of what was now almost a trouble, I told her about the dream and its repetition.

She had the tact not to laugh at me, but was evidently little impressed by the narrative.

The third night it came again, if anything more vividly and startlingly than ever before.

This time I was utterly unhinged; the pale face that fronted me in the looking-glass was hardly recognizable for my own.

I went down to breakfast, filled with a foreboding of some misfortune—bad news in my letters—I knew not what.

The maid entered with the letter-bag.

"There," said my wife, passing me a letter on which was the L—— postmark.

"That breaks your dream, John."

I opened it hurriedly.

It was from the agent requesting me to meet him at L—— that day at one o'clock, to arrange a difficulty that had arisen in the performance of his contract.

I was intensely relieved.

Here was an opportunity to go to L——, and perhaps the very fact of going would put me right.

There were two fast trains to L—— in the morning, but I decided to go by the first, regardless of the fact that I should have some hours to wait.

So I found myself shortly in a first-class compartment, speeding away towards my destination.

The carriage was full.

Pipes exhaled their fragrance, newspapers were turned and flattened, and there was that leisurely kind of morning conversation that prevails among men going off by an early train to their day's work.

I soon discovered that I had fallen amongst a party of barristers, and their chief topic was a peculiarly interesting case, which was to be finished to-day at the L—— court.

"He must sum up against the prisoner," said a gentleman with a fat, florid face, and long sandy whiskers, who wore a light overcoat and shepherd's plaid trousers.

"The defence was a complete failure and deserved to be."

"It was certainly rather audacious," returned a clean-shaven young man with a double eye-glass, who sat opposite me.

"But I don't like circumstantial evidence."

"All evidence is more or less circumstantial," answered he of the florid complexion; "and this man is as clearly guilty to my mind as if there had been a dozen witnesses to stand by and see him do the deed.

"That's my opinion, Heywood."

And the oracle disappeared behind its newspaper.

Feeling glad to discover any topic that would divert my thoughts from their gloomy forebodings, I addressed myself to Heywood, the young barrister, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

"You seem much interested in this trial that is going on," I said.

"May I ask if you are engaged upon it?"

"No," he answered.

"But it is a curious case.

"A man, a clerk from his employment, is accused of murdering the cashier of the firm.

"The evidence against him is entirely circumstantial, but the defence broke down at the most critical point, and the case looks very black for the prisoner."

The train was now slackening speed, and there was a general rising.

I rose too.

"Are you going to get out here?" asked Mr. Heywood, opening the door as we glided into the station.

"Have you come down so early on business?"

"Ye—es," I said, wishing to goodness I knew what the immediate business was.

"Nothing very urgent, though," I added, half to myself as I got out.

"If you have time to spare, you had better turn in and hear the end of the trial," said Heywood.

"The court will be crowded with ladies, no doubt, but I can smuggle you into a corner."

Not knowing what to do with myself for the next two hours, I accepted the offer with gratitude.

I was soon seated in an obscure corner of a dingy, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated courthouse, which would have been ill-smelling, too, had it not been for the scent wafted from the numerous ladies who were present.

One of these, a buxom female obstruction who ought to have known better, was just in front of me and blocked my view with an enormous bonnet.

I could not see the prisoner, or his counsel, or even the clock over his head, at which the people kept looking eagerly as the hour fixed for the recommencement of the trial approached.

At last there was a stir and bustle, caused by persons invisible to me, then a call for silence, and, after a few preliminaries, the summing-up commenced.

I listened the more intently because I could see nothing.

The clear, cold, telling sentences cut deep into my consciousness.

How distinct and convincing it all was!

How all those minute facts, the mute testimony of footmarks and the like, arranged and distributed by that powerful intellect grouped themselves into the damning proof of guilt.

I cared nothing for the prisoner, had no personal interest in the trial, but my mind was wonderfully fascinated by the tale of horror.

At length the weighty tones ceased and a murmur of relief and expectation ran round the assembly.

At this moment the woman with the huge bonnet shifted her seat, and I obtained a full view of the prisoner.

I started involuntarily.

Where had I seen that face before?

The jury returned after a short absence; the verdict was guilty, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

Again the judge's solemn tones sounded through the court, again they ceased.

There was a dead silence.

I sprang to my feet as if impelled to do so by some unseen power, and looked steadily at the prisoner.

His face was averted from me for the moment, but the looks of the people showed that he was about to speak.

Slowly he turned round and, in a voice whose deep, earnest tones could be heard all over the assembly, he said—

"There lives but one man who can prove my innocence—and there he stands."

With white face and outstretched arm he pointed—at me.

I gazed at him with a sudden flash of recognition.

It was the man I had seen under the lamp.

And, by a strange coincidence, at this moment the court clock struck twelve.

* * * * * *

The plea that had been set up by the defence was an alibi.

But there was a space of some two hours that could not be accounted for, and the theory of the prosecution was that the crime had been committed during that time.

My evidence supplied the missing link; for the place in which I had seen the man was so far distant from the scene of the murder that it was impossible for him to have been anywhere near at the time of its commission.

And the dream?

Only a coincidence, you will say, perhaps, or a fit of indigestion, or my timber contract.

Nevertheless, as I have told it you, so it happened.

Explain it away who can.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.—To be successful, nothing should daunt us.

If we persevere, determined to succeed, we shall be continually finding help and assistance where we least expect it. A young man who had adopted literature as a profession, was walking sadly along the streets of Paris, determined to rid himself of his life.

Through great privations and hardships had he struggled and persevered, but without avail; success would not attend him, and he had determined to die. As he slowly and sadly pursued his way to the riverside, rain began to fall, and unconsciously he paused beneath a portico until it should cease.

Standing by his side was another, who likewise sought shelter from the storm.

As they waited silently together, a portion of the brick work above them gave way, and the companion of the would-be suicide was struck dead.

The magnitude of his contemplated crime came forcibly before the young man's mind, as he saw how wonderfully the hand of Providence had preserved him.

Accepting it both as a warning and an encouragement, he started home with renewed vigor and a fresh determination to succeed.

He is now one of the greatest of French dramatists.

We will give another illustration, to show how important it is that we should watch for and seize upon small opportunities, without waiting for the time that shall require a mighty effort—a time that may never come.

A young man had traveled on foot many weary miles to reach a free college.

Arriving at his destination, he told his story, and asked for admittance. But the place was already full.

Not liking to tell him plainly in words, the superior filled a glass so full of water that not another drop could be added, and silently held it towards the young man. He understood the sign too well, and turned sadly away.

But a moment afterwards his face cleared, and stooping, he picked up a withered leaf; this he carried back, and placed on the surface of the water.

The incident was his salvation, for he was at once admitted into the institution.

We are here taught that nothing, however formidable it may appear, should daunt us in our way through life; for of a surety, man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Another secret of success is a proper appreciation of the value of time.

Samuel Johnson tells us—"He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single moments, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground."

A learned gentleman who had to wait at a railway station for a train was heard to exclaim—"Ten minutes lost for ever!"

Here is one of the greatest secrets, we had almost said the secret of success.

Time waits for no man; therefore should we seize upon every moment for profit.

HERALDRY.—Heraldry in France has invaded the garden. At the country seats gardeners form a design of flowers representing the arms or monogram of the master of the house. In some of the parks belonging to Legitimists, gigantic fleur-de-lis are designed, and while wall-fruit is growing, the gardeners cut out in paper the monogram and crest, and glue the design on to the peaches or the nectarines with some light paste. When the fruit is ripe the paper is taken away and the outlines remain.

THE ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind, and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE STOMACH.—The human stomach can stand a mixture of apples, potatoes, candy, milk, wine, coffee, vinegar, spice, meat, fish, bread, honey, oysters, beer, water, cake, soup and grapes, and not rebel. Such an experiment was lately tried in Washington.

AN INFANT'S HAIR.—A remarkable instance of appearance versus superstition happened in London recently. A gardener's wife having an infant in arms with long hair on its head was desirous of improving the child's appearance by cropping it, but as it is said to be unlucky to cut a baby's hair, she gained the desired end by biting it off with her teeth.

LEGAL SOLICITUDE.—A noted black-lettered lawyer of the reign of William III., Serjeant Maynard, left a will purposely worded in obscure terms. His object was to cause litigation, so that the courts might settle certain points which had often vexed him in his practice. The learned lawyer evidently felt that he owed something to his profession, and was willing that his estate should be fought for.

A BIG BAR.—One of the mining companies in Nevada has just completed a clean-up after twenty days' washing, and the result is a gold bar 17 inches, 7 inches wide, and 7 inches thick, valued at about $115 000. It weighs about 750 pounds, and is the largest bar ever cast in the United States. It has been shipped to the bank of California, at San Francisco, where the curious can, no doubt, get a glimpse of it.

DANCING ON HORSEBACK.—Equestrian quadrilles have been introduced at French country houses this autumn, the dance taking place on the lawn before the house. French hostesses, anxious for novelty, are thus reviving an old fancy of the seventeenth century, when, during fetes at Marly and Versailles, Madame de Montespan frequently danced a gavotte on horseback with the Comte de Guiche before the Grand Monarque and his Court.

CHINESE VACCINATION.—Vaccination is henceforth to be compulsory in China. One cause for popular opposition to it is the practice there to vaccinate children on the tip of the nose. A reward of half a tael, which the Government has offered for every child vaccinated, has not been sufficient to persuade parents in easy circumstances to disfigure their children in this way; and a law has therefore been promulgated punishing by fine and imprisonment the failure to vaccinate.

WINTER WORK.—Much work can yet be done to help forward spring's work, and this should not be neglected. Plowing land for spring grains, hauling and spreading manure, top-dressing grass lands, if level or nearly so, clearing hedges, moving old and useless fences, cleaning up the roadsides, setting fruit and other trees, preparing the garden for early working, are some of the many things that can be attended to at this season, and all tend to forward the spring business or improve the farm.

LIVING LEAD MINES.—A retired army surgeon, writing of gunshot wounds, in *Chambers' Journal*, says: "An officer of my acquaintance is now living—I saw him only a few months ago, looking remarkably well—who has a bullet lodged in the base of his right lung, and it has been there since 1857, as he was wounded during the Mutiny. He suffers very little inconvenience, except that occasionally he has a fit of coughing followed by expectoration blood. A soldier received a ball through the frontal bone which lodged in his brain. He was quite sensible, had no pain and only complained of giddiness. He was sent home as an invalid, and two years afterward I heard that he was still alive."

OBEDIENCE TO HUSBANDS.—"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes." This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet:

"Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey.
Wives are our heart; we should be head alway."

In many instances the state of the case is rather something like the following: "If I'm not home from the party to-night by 10 o'clock," says the husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replies the lady, significantly: I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He is home at ten precisely.

LOVE LAUGHS, ETC.—Sir John Spencer, having but a poor opinion of the Compton family in the days of Queen Bess, positively forbade the first Earl of Northampton to pay his addresses to his daughter, who was the greatest heiress in England. One day at the foot of the staircase, Sir John met the baker's boy with his covered barrow, and, pleased at his having come punctually when he was ordered, he gave him sixpence; but the baker's boy was Lord Northampton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off the beautiful Elizabeth Spencer. When he found how he had been duped, Sir John swore that Lord Northampton had seen the only sixpence of his money he should ever receive, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. But the next year the Queen having expressed to Sir John Spencer the sympathy which she felt with his sentiments upon the ingratitude of his child, invited him to come and be "gossip" with her to a newly-born baby in which she was much interested, and he could not refuse; and it is easy to imagine whose that baby was. So the Spencer property came to the Comptons after all.

GOOD-BYE.

BY S. J. K.

"Good-bye," a lover whispers,
Standing beside the gate;
"'Tis hard, so hard to leave you,
But we cannot alter fate;
Think of me, love, for aye,
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear mother; hold me
Close to your loving heart.
Ah! how it hurts to say it,
To know that we must part;
List, list the wild heart cry,
Good-bye, mother, good-bye."

The little wasted fingers
Rest calmly in our own,
And baby's bright young spirit,
Without a sigh or moan,
Steers for its home on high,
Followed by our "good-bye."

Thus, at each cross and turn,
All through the ceaseless rush
Of restive, busy life,
From morning's early blush
To evening's latest sigh—
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Mariner on life's ocean,
Mourner beside the tomb,
Traveler along earth's highway,
These words thy path illume—
Beyond these changeful skies
There'll be no more good-byes.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

"IF soldiers are sent—if you wait an hour for them even—the prisoners will die," said Lady Brentwychc.

"Remember my words, and pay down the ransom at once.

"Give the brigands no chance, no loop-hole, no pretence whatever on which to kill their prisoners.

"Gregory, you will make the Marquis obey my wish?"

"I'll see it's done," said Gregory.

"Father!" whispered Anne.

He came over to her, and she laid her arm upon his neck, and drew his face to hers.

"Father, I have known Lord Enderby since he was a boy—I have loved him all my life.

"He is as dear to me as Soulis.

"Oh, why should I lie at such a time?

"He is dearer—you, far dearer than a brother!"

She let her hands fall from his neck, and covered her face, not in shame, but because she could not bear to see the sudden pain and grief in her father's eyes.

"All that man can do to save him I will do, Anne," he said.

Both had spoken in whispers.

Meanwhile Gregory had asked a question of Lady Brentwychc.

"Is that viper in this matter, do you think?"

"I do not think so.

"I am sure of it."

Gregory doubled his huge fist and looked at it.

"I hope I shall meet him," he said.

"You are not afraid for me to leave you?" he added,

"Not now," returned Lady Brentwychc. There was something in her voice which made Gregory Blake look earnestly into her face.

She smiled and held out her hand to him.

"Gregory, I forgive all the past—do you also?"

The man winced a little.

"There is nothing to forgive on my side," he answered.

"You will not forget your promise about Harrie and Anne?" she said, glancing towards her niece, as if in fear that she should hear her low-spoken words.

"I have not forgotten," said Gregory, uneasily.

"But why talk of this now?

"Come, Marquis, let us start.

"There—good-bye!

"We shall telegraph good news to you to-morrow."

When they were gone, Lady Brentwychc retired to her room and wrote out a long telegram in cipher.

It was addressed to a man high in office at St. Petersburg, and yet a secret Nihilist, and president of that Executive Committee which had tried and condemned Lord Enderby.

"Let the secret police know," she wrote, "that the prisoner E., now in Sicily, who was tried and condemned in 187—, was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. The guilty party—spy and informer—was, and is, a certain lady known in the annals of the secret police as 'Emily.' She confesses fully and gives herself up. Send orders instantly for her arrest and E.'s release. Particulars will be sent you by letter."

When Lady Brentwychc had finished writing this letters, she threw her pen down, and, falling upon her knees, rested her head on her arms, while convulsive sobs shook her from head to foot.

Then she grew calmer, and a few tears, given for dear life, fell slowly and silently down.

"For Anne—for the sole creature who has always loved me and believed in me—I can do this.

"I always knew I could die for one I loved.

"Yes—yes; I die willingly; but I could not bear another death through me.

"While Enderby was spared at my entreaty, I quieted my conscience; but, now that Delgado——"

She did not go on; the necessity for haste and action made her spring up from her knees and dress herself quickly.

As she drove to the telegraph office she was conscious that at times her thoughts wandered, her mind was growing confused.

"Yet at last the light has fallen on my dark path," she said; "and in this one act—the last of my life—I make expiation for the past.

"May it be accepted!"

At the office she superintended the dispatch of her telegram, lest any mistake should occur, and she sent duplicates to two other centres of that strange secret power that now and then bursts upwards and displays in some dreadful and dire deed its force to an astonished world.

In driving home she grew very pale, and her face took strange, rigid lines hitherto unknown to its soft beauty.

But there was no regret, no passionate fevered longing in her heart now for life.

Again in her room, she wrote a long letter, and took two copies of it.

These were addressed to the same men to whom she had sent the telegrams.

She gave her history in these letters, but only a slight portion of it need be transcribed here.

"The plot against the Emperor which Alan Fitzurse was accused of divulging was already known to the police when he quitted our society. I was seized in the middle of the night and brought before a hasty council of officers and heads of the police. I was offered the alternative, the scaffold or to accept the office of spy and informer. I was young and beautiful, I clung to life.

"But let me do myself this justice: I feared the outrages of a Russian prison, the tortures inflicted on women, more than I feared death.

"In my young, passionate agony I yielded to the temptation set before me. I accepted life because I was a woman; had I been a man I would have chosen death. I returned to my lodgings free, yet wearing the agonizing chains of fear and shame, and not quite understanding what I had done.

"I was a poor governess then; I took money—I was a paid spy. I married, and strove to throw off my chains. This freedom was not permitted me, but I took no more money. I would have broken loose from old oaths, old ties if I could, but this you would not allow.

"Thus I was chained to two taskmasters, and my life became a martyrdom. One day, in my anguish, when I was nursing young Alan Fitzurse back to life from fever, I confessed the truth to him. He has never taken advantage of this confession to save himself or to alter his position with regard to yourselves. He has never even defended himself, knowing that by so doing he would endanger me.

"He has spared my life these many years; and, now that his death is decreed through the hate and jealousy of an enemy, I keep silent no longer.

"I give you my life. Take it or spare it as you will. If you will do the latter, I will yield up to the society two-thirds of my income, and I will live under surveillance in any place selected for me. But I do not expect this leniency. I only ask, I only expect the instant release of Alan Fitzurse, condemned unjustly for my crime."

She posted her letters herself, then dressed with more than usual care, and joined Anne at dinner.

They ate but little, and Lady Brentwychc drank only water.

In their private sitting-room they were at first very silent: but, when Anne burst into weeping suddenly, her aunt came over to her side, and, kneeling by her chair, clasped her in a close embrace.

"Do not grieve, Anne.

"No danger touches your brother, and I have saved Alan."

"Oh, aunt, how can I believe you?"

"Trust me, I have indeed insured his safety.

"You know you have often said I had some secret power.

"Well, I have used it."

"But not to your own hurt, aunt?" said Anne, excitedly.

"No, to my own benefit—my own everlasting good.

"Anne, believe me, I have not been so happy for years as I am to-night.

"You will remember one day that I said so."

"I cannot feel happy," said Anne, "knowing that at this moment Soulis and Alan are in the hands——"

"My dear," interposed her aunt, "Soulis at this moment is at Palermo, and to-morrow morning Alan will be free.

"I have gained his release without ransom, Anne, for your sake.

"You have loved me a little, I think, dear?"

"My dear, dear auntie," said the young girl, rising herself to clasp her arms more closely around her aunt, "you know I have loved you a great deal.

"Who has been so good and kind to me as you have?

"I had no mother, no sister; you have been both to me.

"And, at that sad time of my life when Alan married Ada, who comforted me but you?

"Who has always helped me, always consoled me, and been to me as a mother, but you?

"Dear auntie, if I did not love you, I should have a hard heart indeed."

A little silence, and they kissed, with tears.

Then, in a moment, Lady Brentwychc said softly:

"Anne, I think you will yet be happy.

"But for Ada's selfishness and wilfulness, Alan would have loved you in the past; in the future, knowing your true heart, he will turn to your affection for comfort."

"My dear aunt, do not say such words to me.

"They would mean so much sorrow for him and Grace.

"I want to see them happy.

"I should be happy in seeing that."

"Grace will never marry," answered Lady Brentwychc, in a low, sad tone.

"I cannot tell you why, Anne; but I feel certain she will be no man's wife.

"She is too lovely in soul and nature for the needs of this earth.

"She is meant to die young, or to enter a religious life.

"Perhaps the latter will be her fate; and from the silence of her cell the prayers of her pure spirit will reach and bless you and Alan."

"Auntie, you break my heart in saying such things.

"I could not be happy knowing her unhappy."

"My dearest Anne, Grace has a nature far beyond yours and mine.

"Our mental ken does not reach to her height.

"She would be happy where you and I might weep tears of blood.

"And yet I am not comparing myself with you, Anne.

"You are as far above me as the angels are above us both.

"And yet I was never so near you, darling, as I am to-night."

"Auntie, you are ill," said Anne anxiously.

"You must go to rest."

"Yes, I need sleep.

"Good night, darling, and Heaven bless you!"

These were unwonted words from Lady Brentwychc.

Anne pondered them as she fell gently into her innocent maiden slumber.

When Lady Brentwychc reached her room, she did not ring for her maid as usual.

She took a key from a chain at her waist, placed it in a letter, and addressed it to Gregory.

It was the key of a small chest containing papers and her will.

"Who can tell what may happen to me to-morrow?" she said to herself.

Her life of secrecy and caution had always led her to burn all letters.

So, beyond the legal papers in the small chest, she had none with her now—none anywhere that she desired to destroy.

Somehow she wished to pray, but knew not how.

She hesitated, she rose, she walked to and fro, and finally flung herself upon her knees and prayed with strong crying and tears.

There was a strange peace on her face when at last she arose and rang for her maid, and the medicine which she took nightly.

She was in bed when this was poured out and given to her.

Then the maid—a Frenchwoman—took a letter from her pocket and handed it to her.

"The young man, madame, from the doctor or the chemist, who brought your draught, brought this also, but said I was not to give it to until you had taken your medicine."

"Thank you, Marie.

"Lay it down there with the light."

The woman placed the letter on a table by the bed: then she said "Good night," and the door was closed, and Lady Brentwychc left alone.

After a short pause, she took the letter and broke the seal.

It was in cipher—a cipher she knew well.

She read this:

"Your letter to Count Stroloff was opened by Pietro Delgado in London. Not knowing the cipher, he had it photographed there, and sent the photograph to St. Petersburg. Some delay occurred before it could be deciphered; this being done, your treachery was fully revealed. Meanwhile the original letter was replaced in an envelope on which your sister's writing had been photographed, and it was returned to you by Delgado, sealed by the same seal, for which a die was made.

"You have been tried as a paid spy and informer, and cotidemned to death. The execution of this sentence is entrusted to Pietro Delgado. Thus may all traitors perish!"

There was a short postscript.

It was in Delgado's writing.

"I have carried out the sentence. It is just. You would have killed me. You and the traitor Enderby die nearly on the same day."

Lady Brentwychc held the letter in her clenched hand, and, as her fixed, dilated eyes regarded it, the cipher and the writing gradually faded; then the paper took a brown singed hue, and, smouldering without flame, it soon dropped upon the quilt in a few gray ashes.

With what thankfulness she thought of her telegrams and her letters, with what supreme joy she remembered that she had conquered a dreadful temptation and offered her life freely, who shall say?

A few hours more, and perhaps it would have been spared to her—only perhaps.

And she had worked while it was day.

Had she put off her resolve till to-morrow, it would have been too late.

"Alan will live," she said, "and Anne will never know——"

But the whispered words died on her lips; yet she smiled as she fell back upon her pillows, and her eyes closed.

* * * * * *

Late the next day, in her quiet Cornish home, when her servant brought back from the market-town a London evening newspaper, Harriet Blake read two paragraphs that startled her with grief and horror.

"A telegram from Naples this morning announces the death of the Countess Brentwychc, through inadvertently taking too large a dose of chlorodyne.

"Her ladyship has long been suffering from heart-disease."

"Telegrams from Palermo assert that the Earl of Enderby and Lord Soulis still remain in the hands of the brigands, who demand one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars as ransom.

"Every effort is being made compatible with their safety to release them; but the greatest caution has to be used, as it is remembered how a similar affair in Greece, a few years ago, led to the assassination of their prisoners by the brigands."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"IT is very like camping out in India," said Soulis.

"I should say it was more like being a prisoner of war in India, with the chance of being called away from your coffee to be shot," observed his friend.

"And I must say, Soulis, I hope they will bestow the bullets on me, not on you.

"I shall never forgive myself for dragging you into this scrape."

"Now, my dear fellow, we have discussed that matter before.

"And I can only tell you I enjoy the whole thing.

"It is picturesque and dramatic and—and sociable.

"I am progressing in friendliness with the scamps every day, and I am learning a lot of Sicilian slang, which is rather good of its kind, and far more pious than bad language in England."

Lord Enderby did not answer for a moment; then he took his cigar from his lips to say in a low voice—

"Soulis, I am certain they would let you escape if you chose to try it."

"Much obliged, my dear fellow; but I object to be shot in the legs or the back.

"And I never get my second wind in running—never could—never won a half-mile race in my life.

"It's pretty stiff running down these mountains too.

"It would suit me down to the ground to be bounding like a tennis-ball from rock to rock, with a dozen scamps popping at me from behind the crags!

"No, Enderby, I decline that *role*."

"I wish you would be more serious, Soulis.

"At all events, you might sound them and ascertain if they would be willing to let you go."

"But suppose I am not willing to go myself?" responded Soulis.

"Suppose I enjoy the situation too much to wish to give it up after only three days experience?"

"I cannot suppose any absurdities just at present," said Enderby.

"Affairs take a serious aspect to my view."

"You cannot suppose absurdities!" exclaimed his friend.

"Now I admire that!

"It was but an hour ago you told me with a grimly serious countenance that you believed these real live brigands were only puppets, and the wires that pulled them were held by your old friends the Fenians, or the Nihilists, or some such myth."

"I have not changed my belief in the last hours, Soulis; and I wish you would test its truth by proposing to them some scheme by which you could escape."

"Declined with thanks," said Soulis.

"My dear Enderby, it is of no use; you can't get rid of me.

"I may as well make a clear breast of it.

"I promised Anne to stand by you, and I mean to keep my word.

"There!

"I may express myself in a light way; but my resolve is firm, and must not be weighed with my words."

"I know you are a right down good fellow, Soulis, and your sister is true gold.

"She had always the same kind heart since she was a little sunny-haired child and I used to bully her; but in these facts I see no reason why you——"

"Should bully me, old chappie," interposed Lord Soulis.

"Neither do I; so please drop it, and let us discuss other matters.

"How long do you suppose that evil-smelling messenger of ours will take to get down to Palermo, and come back with the cheerful news that the ransom will be forthcoming?"

"Well, since you won't be advised, Soulis——"

"No, I don't want advice; I want an answer."

Lord Enderby looked a little wistfully at the fresh young face, the blonde head, the supple frame of Anne's brother.

He was full of life and youth and joy; and a few hours and he might be food for vultures.

This was a bitter thought for Lord En-

derby, and not the less so that the young fellow was risking his happy life to keep his word to Anne.

It was a good sister who could make a brother so staunch and true.

"Our messenger's return will, I fear, depend upon the orders he receives," said Lord Enderby gravely.

"His orders were explicit enough," returned Lord Soulis; "and surely there can be no question as to the money being advanced as soon as the Palermo bankers get a reply to their telegram to your bankers in London!"

"I was not referring to our orders, Soulis."

"But the brigand chief, or captain, or whatever the scamp calls himself, was as explicit as we were," expostulated his friend.

"And, remember, he gives us only six days' grace, and here are three of them gone.

"I confess I have no particular desire to be potted by such a greasy individual.

"He is only fit to be looked at in a painting.

"I shall hate picturesqueness for the rest of my life."

"The rest of your life will not be long, I fear, if you persist in rejecting my suggestions with regard to flight."

"Enderby, you waste time; and, since time is getting precious, according to your own showing, I should be glad if you would bestow your attention on the flight of our messenger, and not on mine, which won't take place."

"Well, Soulis, since you will have the truth, I must confess that I do not believe our guide will be allowed to return until the six days of grace are over."

"That's not a very pleasant idea, Enderby.

"What are your reasons?

"Let us be sensible.

"These villains want money; they don't want the carcasses of two Englishmen.

"They have seized us to rob us, not to murder us."

"Granted.

"But we had better look the truth in the face.

"They will take our lives if they do not get our money."

"But they will get the money," persisted Lord Soulis.

"Having us in their power, we have no alternative but to satisfy their rascally demands on their own terms.

"In fact, you have already done so; you have sent an order on your banker, and the guide will be back with the answer, at latest, to-morrow."

"Soulis, I cannot let you deceive yourself.

"He will not be back, I am certain," said Enderby.

Reasons, reasons—give your reasons!" cried Lord Soulis, drawing a little nearer to his friend and leaning his fair head against the ledge of rock by which they sat.

They were in a narrow rift or gorge, walled in on every side but one by a narrow barrier of inaccessible rock.

This barrier was so high, so bare, so precipitous that no human foot could scale it.

The wild goat alone might find here and there a ridge or resting place from which again to take her spring; but no other creature could stand or climb on a wall so overhanging and so bare.

Thus this narrow valley or rift was a prison made strong by Nature's hand, a prison from which no man could escape while the entrance was well-guarded.

This entrance seemed to have been formed by some strange freak of Nature when in her most fantastic mood.

It was indeed but a mere slit in the rocks, so narrow that it would admit but one, or, at most, two persons at a time.

And on either side of this curious straightened doorway there were two high rocks, called by the mountain peasantry "Our Lady's Needles."

It was, in fact, but a fissure in those two rocks which formed the entrance to this dismal valley, which might be likened to a cavern without a roof.

A few yards beyond the narrow entry the rift widened, the walls of rock sprang farther and farther apart, till at the extreme end they met the crags of another peak, which here formed the third wall of this natural prison.

Within this wall there was a cavern in which the prisoners slept.

A few stalactites hung from the roof, but the floor at this season of the year was dry.

Still there was water near: and, when well within the darkness, the ear caught, on listening with attention, the rush and flow of some distant cataract hidden within the caves and hollows of the mountain.

This muffled roar of unseen waters touched the sense with a slight chill of fear: there was a kind of horror in thinking of a stream stealing on in obscurity till it reached some black precipice, over which it sprang with sudden roar into perchance a lake of Stygian darkness.

A rent in the wall of rock at the back of the cavern led into a larger grotto, but whether there was any passage beyond this or any other means of outlet from the gorge by this way it was impossible to tell.

Apparently there was none, for the brigands left the cavern unguarded, contenting themselves with stationing sentinels at the "Needles."

If any path existed through the cavernous bowels of the mountain, it was evident that it could not be traversed without guides and without torches.

Without these, a few steps only might lead to instant death; with these, such a transit was most likely perfectly impracticable and even horrible in its dangers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—[CONTINUED.]

"FATHER," she said, timidly, "is it, can it be, that you are my father?

"That you are—that I am——"

"You are the child of Filippo Count Strozzi, and Edith Vere—my daughter," he said, gently; "the daughter of a noble house, wedded to its heir, and perhaps yet more precious to him that he who won your heart in the humble guise of an obscure stranger.

"But it is no time for more detail now," he said, and his voice trembled with long suppressed emotion as he spoke.

"I would be alone with my wife."

The clergyman and Monica at once glided quietly from the room.

Leonardo gently drew the pale and weeping young bride towards the door; but Sidney Ashley still remained where he had first stood, his eyes fixed on the pallid, wan features of the dying woman, with a strange, mingled expression of grief, and tenderness, and pity, that seemed to fascinate her gaze, even more than the strange and sudden apparition of the husband whom she had so long believed dead to her and to the world.

"Edith," said Sidney, in his peculiar and musical tones, "it was ill done; but, in this moment, I can forgive as I hope to be forgiven.

"The sorrow, the love of a lifetime, is on your head; but I trust, I believe, that you have been more sinned against than sinning, and that you were not so unworthy of the love I poured out on you, as you once appeared to be.

"May God forgive you as I do."

He paused for a moment, then he stooped over the pillow, and pressed his lips to her brow, while the tears poured from his eyes on her face.

But the next moment he was firmly, though not roughly, grasped by the arms, and the dark face of the Italian met his, in stern, uncompromising disapproval.

"Even in death would you take her from me?" he said, hoarsely.

"Man, do not urge me too far.

"I would not forget that gentle blood is in your veins as well as mine, or I would expel you from the house like a noisome, hateful thing.

"Go, ere my patience fails me."

With a feverish strength that gave a quick flush to her wan, haggard face, Edith rose suddenly in bed, and held out her wasted hands in deprecation towards the disputants.

"Filippo," she said, with a strange strength in her voice, "by the love I ever bore you, the suffering you have inflicted, I entreat you to forbear.

"One moment is all I ask,—and—my hours are numbered, Sidney," she said feebly.

"Sidney—I die—blessing you for your noble, generous forgiveness of the past.

"I was deceived, erring, but not wilfully guilty.

"God bless you, dear, noble Sidney; and hark,—hark,—in your ear, lower, lower!"

He stooped down, and for a moment she whispered a few low murmured words, that even Filippo's keen ears could not catch.

But as Sidney raised his head once more, she saw the warm crimson in his face, and heard him murmur sadly—

"Impossible, Edith—too late, I can never entertain such folly more."

But she did not seem to hear his words?

A film came over her eyes, and a faint, "Remember," was breathed rather than spoken, as she sank back on her pillow.

An awe, that the presence of death seldom fails to excite in the most daring and reckless, seemed to calm and check the hot spirit of the Italian.

He looked on in gloomy silence, as Sidney gave one long, last kiss, to the woman whose inconstancy had colored his whole life, and softly left the room.

Then the deep, suppressed feelings of long years broke forth, and giving one quick glance round, to satisfy himself that no impertinent eye watched the irrepressible outburst of his passion, he threw himself on the bed, and clasping the beloved form in his arms, he pressed passionate kisses on the cold brow and cheek.

"Editha, Editha, my only love—my wife! —pardon!" he murmured.

"But say that you loved me—that you were true to me, my injured darling; say that you forgive—that you love me still."

The poor glazed eyes opened, and a gleam of joyful, happy love lighted up the dark orbs.

"In life—in death," she murmured, faintly.

"Filippo, beloved,—our—our child,—watch."

It was all she could say, but her arms were twined with a convulsive strength round the neck of him she had so loved in life, and her lips were pressed to his.

A whole world of love and tenderness was breathed out in those brief moments, and then her arms relaxed, her head drooped on the arm that supported it, heavier, till it fell back on the pillow.

Edith Vere, the beloved, the mourned of Sidney Ashley, the adored yet deserted wife of Filippo Count Strozzi, the mother of Claudia, was dead.

Happier in death than in life, she had the blessing of breathing out her last breath on the bosom of the husband who had exiled her from him during long, weary years, pardoned and mourned by the lover whom she had so deeply injured, and blessed by the consciousness that her child was restored to the rights, the honors, the estates of her forefathers.

Her errors were forgiven on earth, her sorrows ended in this transitory life.

God grant that she might enter into the happiness of those whose sins are pardoned in Heaven!

CHAPTER XLII.

IT was several days after the death of Edith Vere, or rather the Countess Strozzi, and Sidney Ashley was alone in his library, professedly engaged in arranging the papers and books, that were especially his, before quitting for ever the home that he had considered his for so many years.

We say "professedly," for his hand lay too often resting on the papers, and his eyes dropped listlessly and absently on the floor, instead of performing that supposed task of examining the contents of the various packets that were on the table before him.

Thought was evidently too busy within for him to give the attention it demanded to the business that yet passed upon him; and even the self-controlled, strong man, was fain to yield to the rush of memories, the sad anticipations, the dreary looking forth into the future, which the very employment suggested.

Scarcely was there an object before him that did not speak of the youthful days when Edith and happiness seemed to be secured to him, or of the more recent days when Claudia, in her young beauty and grace, promised to realize the dreams of her early life; or yet more present and vivid still, the day when Filippo Strozzi had stunned him with the intelligence that the wide estates, the long-descended honors, the beloved home of his life, belonged to the orphan who had been received as a mere object of kindly sympathy within its walls.

Where was she now, that noble girl, whose every thought and action had breathed an intellect, a soul, a high-toned feeling, worthy of the race from which she sprung?

Every exertion had failed to trace out her destination after her sudden flight from Ashley Court.

No one had been taken into her confidence; and, as she rightly judged, the direction of her journey had most effectually baffled every effort to discover her course after leaving Whitehaven.

London had been the place she was supposed to have chosen for her concealment, London had been searched in vain.

And yet Sidney never hesitated as to leaving her home, which was no longer his, though its rightful heiress could not be found; and the trial, bitter as it was, lost most of its poignancy from the very bitterness of his deeper sorrow.

Sidney Ashley had hungered after love,—real, true, genuine love—from the early years, when he first fully comprehended his own power of loving, and fully understood the great need of his soul to be a return for that mighty love of which he knew himself capable.

But he had failed,—failed in youth, when the attractions of person and mind might have been supposed the most irresistible, when his claims personally and socially might have been acknowledged by the loveliest and most youthful;—failed in middle age, when his worldly wisdom, his subdued passions, his yet more intense love were devoted to the task of winning one on whom he had lavished wealth and ease, at whose feet he had laid station and luxury and homage that might well atone for the indifference of years.

It seemed he had no power to gain the heart of a noble, beautiful, gentle woman, that best and dearest, most lasting possession that man can desire, even when he was surrounded by all that could attract and heighten other claims to the love of one worthy of him.

And now,—poor, degraded, youth gone, love wasted,—what chance had he of supplying the one great want of his nature, of tasting the blessing of mutual and true affection?

None.

For him remained only the dreary, lonely prospect of a solitary remnant of life, destitute even of the means of gratifying his more refined tastes, embittered by the novel hardships of poverty, and as yet unknown privations.

It was no wonder that Sidney Ashley's thoughts were far away from the present, and that his hand rested idly and unconsciously on the mass of papers before him, unmindful that the hands of the clock were passing round the dial, and yet no portion of his arduous task was concluded, and hours had gone by since he had tasted any food.

But at last the chimes of the timepiece on the chimney sounded two, and he knew that his aunt would dispatch a messenger to chide his delay if he failed to make his appearance at the luncheon, which generally formed their first rendezvous for the day.

"It will not be for long, my poor aunt," he thought sadly.

"Thank Heaven, that she is not involved in my ruin."

Hastily crushing up a paper which had been the last under examination, and pushing the others in a heap, he prepared to leave his task for a short time.

As he did so, there was a gentle tap at the door, and supposing it was a summons to the dining-room, he replied carelessly, "Come in."

His back was turned to the door, and he was scarcely conscious for the moment that the step was not the measured tread of his well-trained domestic, and that the usual, "Luncheon is served, sir," was not spoken in the respectful accents which generally announced the daily meal.

At last a faint sigh attracted his attention.

He turned quickly round, and to his surprise, saw Barbara Graham, or, as she should be called, "Barbara Vere Ashley," standing timidly by the table he had just quitted.

Barbara was dressed in deep mourning, and her paleness was even more visible than usual under the crape bonnet she wore.

But the intellectual expression that had ever formed her greatest charm was still there; and, perhaps, even more conspicuous from the emotion that her expressive features betrayed.

Her very attitude spoke of the combined shyness and determination which so strangely mingled in her character: one hand rested on the table by which she stood; the other held a small packet, half concealed in the folds of her cloak.

Mr. Ashley started at her unexpected appearance, and for a moment was too astonished to speak; but the real, instinctive feeling of his noble nature was that of satisfaction at the return of the lost heiress of his former possessions, and the consequent termination to the doubts and perplexities that her mysterious disappearance had occasioned.

"Barbara, my cousin," he said, holding out his hand, after a momentary pause, "I am indeed thankful that you have at last returned to your home.

"I have been very anxious to see you once more, before my departure from Ashley Court forever.

"Why have you left me to such anxiety, Barbara?"

"I could not bear to see you before," she replied, looking steadily at him.

"I felt as if I had robbed you of your rights.

"But now I have come to look on the scenes that will be ever imprinted on my memory, and on the face of him who has been my benefactor, and whom I have hitherto believed my friend."

"And am I not your friend now, Barbara?" he asked.

"No, sir; I owe you more than life," she replied.

"I can never cancel my obligations to you; but you are no longer my friend."

"Why? because we are no longer equal?" said he.

"The heiress of Ashley Court can have little in common with a poor relative double her age, the unconscious usurper of her rights for so many long years.

"You are right, child, though it is perhaps a hard truth to speak."

A sharp pang darted through the whole frame of the pale girl, and she said, with a quivering lip:

"You wrong me, sir.

"There is certainly no equality between us; but the inferiority is on my side, not yours.

"It is I, who nearly became the innocent instrument of a great wrong.

"Look here!"

She quietly unfolded the paper she had discovered in the trunk which had so strangely come into her possession, and placed it in his hands.

"I am thankful that I have been spared even the temptation to commit a great wrong," she continued.

"May Heaven bless you, sir!

"I shall never intrude on you again."

She was turning away, but he hastily stopped her.

"Child," said he, "you are romantically generous; you do not know what you are doing.

"This document is not worth more than the paper it is written on."

"I know it," she said.

"And you would give up an inheritance like this, for so trifling and unnecessary a cause?" said he.

"Do you call justice and honor trifling?" she asked.

"I do not know you then, Mr. Ashley."

"And you expect me to accept this?" he continued.

"Yes, because you would give it under the same circumstances," she replied.

"That paper, sir, is the real will of your and my grandfather.

"The dead would cry from the grave were it known and disregarded.

"There is nothing more to be said."

She was again turning away, when he again stopped her.

"Barbara," said he, "you have indeed the pride and spirit of our race; but do you suppose I can see you strip yourself of so noble an inheritance without any remonstrance or compensation?

"At least you must have the dower of a daughter of the Ashleys settled upon you.

"It is your right."

"I do not need it, and I certainly will not accept it," she said.

"I am not an Ashley.

"My mother's mother was disinherited, and I lay no claim to the wealth of my ancestors.

"Besides, I am already provided for.

"I need nothing; I will take nothing from your hands."

Sidney Ashley looked at her proud face, lighted up with a noble enthusiasm, and the words of his aunt returned once more to his mind, "Sidney, you are blind."

A revulsion of feeling, a sudden revelation, as if scales had fallen from his eyes, made the room whirl round with him.

He felt that one single word from those parted lips would make him happier than the restoration of lands and wealth and station; that the sympathy and congeniality of their natures had secretly attracted him to her in her early childhood, though the intoxicating fascination of beauty had smothered the nobler, truer dictates of his nature.

But the hallucination was gone: Claudia's own act had destroyed the chains in which she had held him, and which had been strengthened by the resemblance she bore to the unknown mother who had held such a life-long power over him.

And the very dreariness, the void left in the best affections of his nature, made him only more ready to receive the new and nobler image of his young cousin in his heart.

His whole face lighted up; he rose, and gently forced her to a chair.

"Barbara," said he, "you told me just now that I was no longer your friend.

"It is true.

"Can you not guess what I mean?"

She looked up at him, and a quiver crept over her lips.

She had never seen that expression in his stern face before, no not even when he had looked at Claudia.

"Does it surprise you, Barbara?" said Sidney, placing his hand gently on her bowed head, and lifting her face as if she had been a child.

The tone was tender and soft, and brought tears to her eyes.

"You have called me your guardian," he said.

"I am by blood your cousin.

"Let me be for life your protector; let me be to you the nearest and dearest of your relatives.

"I can no longer be your friend; I must either be more, or henceforth a stranger.

"My life has been one of sorrow and bitterness, but you can bring sunlight to my home and my heart.

"You were too proud to be adopted in early years.

"You sought for independence; you disdained the bread that a friend, a guardian offered.

"Now you have made me your debtor; you have restored to me a heritage of thousands—nay more, the honors, the position that has become necessary to me from life-long habit.

"I ask you to share the home you have restored to me—it will be cheerless and lonely without you."

"Do not ask it.

"I cannot—I cannot!" cried Barbara, shuddering violently.

"Why not, my cousin?" he asked.

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot," she replied.

"I would rather die.

"You do not love me.

"You are lonely, and miss the presence of a loved one in your house.

"But that is not love.

"It is but a few short weeks since you were betrothed to another.

"You cannot have forgotten her so soon; nor is what you feel for me the love you should bear to a wife.

"You pity my loneliness.

"I reverence and honor you; nay, more, I love you as my best friend, my dear relative, my benefactor: but I cannot marry you."

She shrunk away from the touch of his lips on her brow, and an expression of hopeless suffering settled on her face.

"Barbara," said he, raising his proud head with a pained look, "you do me injustice.

"You might have guessed that my feelings to Claudia were rather those of admiration, of association, rather than of love.

"You say my regard for you is not of a husband for a wife.

"I tell you that my passion for Claudia was a fascination, an attraction—whatever you like to call it, but that I firmly believe I should have been miserable with her for a wife.

"Once more I ask you, will you share my home, my joys and sorrows—be mine in weal or woe?"

Again Barbara shivered; the temptation was so strong, the prospect so bright, so alluring—the love, the care, the support of one like Sidney Ashley; the idea of spending a life with him, instead of the dreary, wretched solitude that waited her!

Oh, it was a sore temptation for the lone girl.

But the struggle, though sharp was very short.

The idea of the far more intolerable misery of an unloved life, of Sidney Ashley's indifference, his enforced duty, his real repentance, flashed on her like a ray of light, to guide her course.

"It cannot be," she murmured, piteously; "you will thank me one day for my refusal.

"Oh, spare me, spare me!

"Accept my gratitude, my reverence, my all but——"

She stopped, for his eyes flashed.

"Your all but love, you would say.

"It is ever thus with me, Barbara.

"Hollow words, warm professions, but not love—not deeds, in return for my heart's yearnings.

"Child, I could have loved you as only a strong, suffering, passionate heart could love its last idol; but I have chased a shadow.

"Experience should have taught me wisdom.

"Now I go forth, a gloomy, joyless man, weary of my home, a wanderer on the earth; and if I rest in an Italian grave, or find a last home in an Indian jungle, it will be quite as welcome as a cheerless, unloved home."

It was too much.

She sprang up, and clung to him like a terrified child.

"Oh, do not go, do not go!" she cried.

"I could not bear it; I should indeed be desolate then."

"But it was too late.

"No," said he, "I cannot be deceived now.

"You would only lead me on like others have done.

"You have told me there was no love for me in your heart, and I dare not trust to gratitude.

"Henceforth we are strangers."

"Oh no, that shall never be!" she exclaimed.

"I would die rather than feel you utterly estranged.

"My cousin—my guardian, do not abandon me!"

"I am not your guardian, Barbara," said he; "and from this time you have rejected me even as your cousin.

"You are proud, self-reliant.

"I asked your heart.

"You cannot give it me; or, it may be, you have given it to another.

"Is it so?"

The rich crimson rushed to her brow and cheeks; but she made no reply.

"Ay, I might have guessed it," he said, turning away with a bitter laugh.

"In this case, as in others, a younger and more attractive lover has forestalled me. It is my fate.

"So be it; I will not stoop to plead longer Miss Vere.

"From this time we are, as I said, strangers."

Barbara saw his cold rigid features, from which the transient illumination had fled, leaving dull doubts behind.

The compressed lips were firm again, and the misty eyes became coldly glittering. He rose, and they looked at each other fixedly.

"Mr. Ashley," said Barbara, "you are unjust, and you have never understood me; you do not understand me now.

"But it is perhaps well that it should be so; and time, which will prove my entire innocence, will also prove to you that I have been right and kind in preventing the consequences of your rash impulse.

"But do not part from me in anger.

"I shall be very dreary and desolate when you are separated from me for ever; but, better solitude than a miserable marriage. Farewell, cousin, friend, benefactor.

"Farewell.

"May God bless you!"

She held out her hand.

Sidney Ashley looked at her for a moment—sadly and earnestly—then pressed a kiss on her lips.

Then sinking down on the chair he had just quitted, he hid his face in his hands and ere he lifted his eyes she was gone.

The paper still lying before him was the only trace of her late presence, and had it not been for that evidence of the reality of what had just occurred, he might have thought that it was but a dream.

Sidney gazed at the document that endowed him with the lands and wealth to which his young cousin might legally have laid claim, and the veil which had so long blinded him to the true and worthy object of a noble and deliberate love seemed torn from his heart.

A pall seemed suddenly thrown over the future, and the bereaved heart shrunk back from the lonely path, where only shadows and spectres of the past seemed visible.

Sidney Ashley was self-reliant, strong, self-controlled.

He had gone through long and varied trials of the heart; he had been threatened with the newer and less familiar, if less crushing, trials of loss of fortune, name, and position; but never before had he realized the horrible dread of a complete isolation from love to sympathy.

From long experience and necessity he had learned to depend as little as possible on the sympathies of others, but in this hour of anguish his proud soul was weighted down by a load of intolerable gloom, and he acknowledged, perhaps for the first time since Edith Vere's inconstancy that he was dependant on another, and that other a woman, for love, sympathy, support, and companionship.

When Sidney Ashley lifted his face, it was tear-stained, and full of anguish.

How his friends would have marvelled; how Filippo Strozzi would have rejoiced at the sight!

Verily the heart knoweth its own bitterness.

CHAPTER XLIII.

VIOLET, Lady Joddrell, sat, or rather reclined in an easy chair, in the dressing-room, to which her failing health had for some time confined her, her face still beautiful, though pale and wasted with mental and bodily suffering, yet sweeter, calmer, gentler than in days of yore.

On a low stool at Lady Joddrell's feet sat Kate Holder, her head bowed on a book she was reading to the invalid, and her clear voice sounding pleasantly and soothingly in the retired apartment.

She was so absorbed in her task that she did not notice the intent gaze that Lady Joddrell fixed on her half-concealed face, nor that the attention of her hearer appeared far from the book she was reading.

At last a faint sigh aroused her, and she looked up, and met Lady Joddrell's sad, intent glance.

"Dear Lady Joddrell, are you worse?" she said, tenderly.

"I have read too long, and wearied you.

"Let me draw the curtains; and then, I hope, you will try to sleep."

"No, dear child, no," said the invalid. "It is the mind, not the body that is so weary.

"There is a burden on my heart, Kate, that you, and only you can lighten.

"Will you ease the conscience of a dying woman, Kate, as you try to smoothe her last hours by your cares?"

"Dear Lady Joddrell, can you doubt it?" said Kate.

"But what can I do for you, helpless girl that I am?"

"You are young, Kate, but you are not helpless," said Lady Joddrell; "and I trust in your sense and unselfishness to help me in redressing the wrong I have done.

"There are few that would understand or pardon the slight they received.

"But you are no common girl, Kate, and I will trust you.

"Will you listen, and forgive, and promise to redress my errors?"

Kate looked at her in bewildered embarrassment.

A glimmering of her meaning flashed on her, but she could scarcely believe that even Lady Joddrell could stoop to confess or ask of her any favor which could reveal or compromise the past, both as regarded the deceased Lillian and herself.

"Dear Lady Joddrell," she said, "you cannot doubt my readiness to relieve your mind in anything that would not tax my poor powers too severely; but you must know that there are some things in which the dearest friends cannot serve one they love best.

"Please do not ask me to do anything that I must refuse."

"You must not refuse," said the invalid, impatiently.

"It is for your own good and happiness, as well as Philip's that I am anxious; and if you were one of the vain, empty-headed girls that form the usual type of our sex, then, Kate, I should expect you would turn away, from pique or false delicacy, and refuse to listen to what I have to say.

"But I know you better than that, Kate. You are capable of comprehending and of forgetting girlish piques and fancied proprieties in the nobler appreciation of what is for the real happiness of one 'more sinned against than sinning.'"

Kate had changed color more than once during the low, slowly-spoken words of the invalid, and a struggle had gone on in her mind, whether she should allow herself to appear to understand, or to enter on a subject that was both so delicate and so painful to her feelings.

But, as Lady Joddrell had said, she was no common girl; and the peace and comfort of a dying woman, and the happiness of one still so dear to her, was not to be put in competition with any mere personal pain or struggle.

"Dear Lady Joddrell," she said, "I fear I understand your meaning; and believe me, I at least feel no heart-burnings, no regrets for the past.

"Nay, more, I have no right to do so; and if any one was injured, it was not me.

"Therefore, I entreat you, let the subject rest for ever."

"No, Kate, no," said Lady Joddrell; "I cannot die in peace, unless the sad result of my mischievous errors be remedied, so far as regards the living.

"She who is gone, alas! has reaped the reward of the faults I fostered and indulged.

"But for Philip, my poor Philip, my heart bleeds.

"He is sad, dreary, hopeless, mourning for the past, looking forward with listless dread to the future, shrinking from new ties, save with her whom he dares not ask to accept the seared heart which was so little prized by poor Lillian.

"Nay, hear me out, Kate.

"Philip never really loved Lily—I can see it now—and she was too young, too spoiled, too volatile to secure the heart that her beauty attracted.

"She was a lovely child, married to a man she liked and consented to marry, but for whom she did not feel the affection, the respect, that could alone have remedied the errors of my faulty training.

"Philip loves now, and for the first time; and yet he dares not tell you so, Kate; and you turn away from him if his look or tone betrays the feelings of his heart.

"Child, yet woman, that you are, full of warm, noble feelings of unselfish attachment, of active, loving sympathies, you pretend to be cold and indifferent, and repelling to the man you really love best.

"You flush indignantly, my poor child; but a dying woman may speak the truth, a penitent one may strive to repair her errors and leave those she best loves in happiness and peace."

Kate's face was indeed dyed to the deepest crimson as she listened, and all a woman's outraged delicacy betrayed itself in the irregular breathing, the quivering, proud lip, the nervous motion of the hands as she listened.

But the tone was so gentle, the look so sad so full of interest, the eyes so tearfully depressing, that her anger and pride vanished and she kissed the poor wasted hand that rested on hers with tender and soothing respect.

"My dear, dear friend," she said, "I cannot, indeed I cannot.

"Believe me, you mistake; he does not dream of me save as a friend."

"You are wrong, quite wrong, Katie dear," said a voice, which was very different from the soft, feeble tones of the invalid.

"You are all that is left to me on earth, and it is for you alone to say whether my past sorrows are to color my whole future life, or heighten my happiness by the contrast."

Katie trembled violently as Philip spoke in the tender tones of one who feels yet more deeply than his words express.

She distrusted her own strength to refuse, and yet she feared to yield to his entreaty.

"Philip, my dear nephew, thank Heaven you came at this moment," said Lady Joddrell.

"Kate, believe the assurance of one who has seen much of the world she is about to leave; your cousin speaks the solemn, deliberate truth.

"You are the real choice of his heart, his judgment, his experience, if not of his eyes.

"Trust him, child; tranquillise my dying hours by the assurance that my poor Lily's wrongs to him will be atoned and compensated by you, and that no false pride or delicacy will keep asunder two so congenial."

"But it is so sudden," murmured the girl, "and I am so plain, so unattractive, so unlike those you have admired.

"You are deceiving yourself, Philip."

"Yes, in thinking that you could love me—that you could trust me," he said, mournfully.

Kate could not resist that look, that tone of utter dejection.

She raised her eyes for a moment to his, then they drooped under the long lashes, which were one of Kate Holder's few personal beauties.

"If I could believe—could think," she said, half-inaudibly.

It was enough.

The young man obeyed a mute signal of the invalid, and drew the half-reluctant girl from the room, and for a short time Violet Joddrell was alone with her own sad thoughts, with the near prospect of death, with the remembrance of her past, selfish, wasted life.

But the Book she held in her wasted fingers had taught her other hopes, other consolations, than those of earth; had spoken peace and pardon beyond the grave.

And now, while thoughts of the beautiful, erring, misguided Lillian brought a pang to her heart that nothing could altogether banish, she yet offered up her humble thanks for the mercy that had permitted her to see the consequences of her own faulty training in some degree averted and the two beings she loved best on earth united as husband and wife.

Few would have recognised the vain, haughty, beautiful Violet Lady Joddrell, in that sad, subdued, humble woman, and she lay with her eyes closed, and the soft tears of grateful penitence stealing down her wasted cheeks.

But she was far more lovely and loveable on that dying-bed than in her most brilliant days of beauty and of the world's empty homage.

CHAPTER XLIV.

BARBARA VERE had at last, as she fancied, found a home and a resting-place, for the first time since her mother's death had left her orphaned and alone in the world.

Long months of attendance and patient submission to the caprice, the murmurings the unreasonable complaints of Pauline's bereaved mother—of loving, earnest, child-like devotion to the mourning father, had tried even the brave orphan's strength of body and mind to the utmost, and it was with a feeling of intense relief and thankfulness that she had at last been able to give up these onerous duties, and to find rest and relief, and, as she trusted, peace in a quiet nook, sheltered from the tumult, strife, and noise of the outer world.

It was by a pure accident that Barbara had been released from her self-imposed duties, an accident in which, for once, Mrs. Forbes indulged a caprice by which others were benefited instead of aggrieved.

A restless desire for change came over her at the end of the first year of deep mourning for the lost Pauline, and a wish to dismiss all association with the sad past took possession of the bereaved mother, and she announced, with the same disregard of the feelings of others, which had ever characterized her, that she did not wish Barbara to accompany her on the distant and prolonged tour she insisted on arranging.

It was a harsh fiat, a cold disregard of one who had cheered and smoothed the last hours of her lost child, and devoted long months in the spring-time of youth to those who had merited evil rather than good at her hands.

But Barbara could smile, nay, even pity the unhappy woman in her miserable selfishness, since the relief to her own mind was so great that she almost forgot the pitiful meanness that dictated her release.

Colonel Forbes had done all in his power to soften the pain which he presumed the apparent ingratitude must give to their young favorite.

He had himself selected and furnished a pretty cottage on the borders of his own estate, and given strict directions to his servants and park-keepers to supply every necessary, nay, every luxury in their power, to the young mistress of the little domain; and when the young girl took possession of her new abode, it was with a feeling of warm and affectionate gratitude, of tranquil content.

The restless pride, the feverish ambition, the intense longing for love, sympathy, and

companionship, which distinguished her in her former days, had given place to a meek calm submission to the will of an unerring and loving Father, which refined and elevated the noble powers of which God had given her.

The very expression of her face was softened and mellowed into womanly beauty; her eyes were softer, more feminine; her proud mouth was sweet and placid in its expression; and the once pallid skin was now healthful in its hue.

The new-born faith, the trust and submission, the feeling that the world was rather an arena for noble and patient exertion than for mere enjoyment, or even for the indulgence of the sweeter, gentler affections of human nature, had stilled the mourning spirit that had been her greatest torture through life.

Barbara could confess now, that even the hard troubles of her past life had been blessings in disguise.

She recalled the days when she had envied the beautiful and petted Lilian; when Claudia's loveliness, and Pauline's graceful, sylph-like beauty has made her turn with a murmuring spirit from the sight of her own unattractive face and form.

And where were they now?

The fairy-like Lily, the unloved Pauline slept in untimely graves; not even followed in their early deaths by the love and tender grief which had occasioned her such bitter pangs of jealousy during their lives.

And Claudia?

Where was she?

The cherished ward, the chosen betrothed, the bride elect of Sidney Ashley, had disappeared from the scenes of her girlhood and youth, and trusted herself to one, whom, however beloved, could scarcely have yet proved himself a safe guardian of her happiness ere she confided it to his keeping.

Perhaps Barbara's thoughts lingered more frequently on the absent Claudia than on the two other fair creatures who had shared the sorrows and affections of her early years.

It might be, that the fates of Pauline and Lilian were decided; that neither hopes nor fears could be indulged for them; or, it might be that the woman's love that filled Barbara's heart connected Claudia with Sidney Ashley, and she felt a greater, though perhaps unconscious interest for his sake.

Yet so it was; and during the weeks that passed silently away after Barbara's establishment in her new home, Claudia, and her mysterious fate, her waywardness, and her insensibility to one so noble, so gifted as her lover guardian, filled the lonely musings of the young recluse with strange pertinacity.

Would she ever hear from her again?

Were the days of childhood, the long weeks of sickness, the eventful circumstances of their parting, forgotten by the young Italian girl?

Would not the time come when she would turn to her young English cousin, her loving nurse, her noble guardian, with tenderness and regret?

Barbara believed it would, though she never varied in her confidence in the warm wayward nature of Claudia Strozzi; and ever and anon, when the postman passed her little domain, she would gaze from the window of her boudoir with an unconscious hope that he would bring her a letter from the absent Italian bride.

"It will come," she murmured from time to time.

"It will surely come.

"I know that she is not lost to us forever."

And it had come at last—those long expected tidings of the youthful Countess Strozzi.

A long, closely-written sheet of foreign paper, blotted in many places with tears, was in Barbara's hand; and the contents, written in a paroxysm of passion, disclosed a state of wretchedness which even Barbara had not anticipated.

"Oh, Barbara!" she wrote, "I am so miserable, so very, very wretched.

"Leonardo does not love me, Barbara. You will scarcely believe me—I hardly know how to believe it myself.

"You are right; Mr. Ashley was right. "I have brought this bitter misery on my own head; I, who was once the beloved, the betrothed of the noblest of men.

"I am—yet it nearly kills me to write, and yet more to think of it—I am an unloved, despised wife, bound for life to one who already tires of the beauty that once attracted him.

"Oh, Barbara! be thankful that you had not that fatal gift of beauty.

"I would give worlds to be once more the unknown, obscure foundling, and to come to you, and lay my weary head on your shoulder, as I used to do in that terrible illness, and hear your calm, soothing, courageous words of comfort and hope.

"But it is too late, Barbara.

"Leonardo acknowledged to me yesterday that he would have married you had you turned out to be his cousin, as he believed; and now that I have a daughter born to me instead of a son, whom he wanted for an heir, he is yet more displeased and disappointed.

"He told me, that if he had not wished to secure the estates of our family more certainly, he would never have married me, to torment him by my exacting, passionate nature, and want of knowledge of the world—his world.

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara, pity me!

"I did very wrong, but I did not deserve this; at least from him.

"My poor, pretty baby! She had far better join the angels than live to be despised and tyrannized over by her father, because she is the daughter of an unloved mother.

"My father knows nothing of this.

"He has shut himself up in complete seclusion, at one of his distant estates; and if he did know it, he would only bid me submit to my husband, the 'head of our house.'

"Oh, if you had but let me die in that fever, when I believed Leonardo loved me, and Sidney Ashley watched over me with such tender, anxious care: and you, with your grave face, calmed and supported me, even in my wild, feverish wanderings.

"But you will not let Sidney know I am unhappy.

"I entreat you not to expose my misery to his keen, contemptuous eyes.

"But you, the child of my poor mother's brother—my sole living relative—you will pity my errors in my misery and early death.

"For I cannot live, Barbara; it is impossible.

"I am not like you. My nature is all Italian in its passion and impetuosity, and this trial is more than I can bear.

"When you hear of my early death, drop a tear for the broken-hearted Claudia."

Barbara read this broken, tear-stained letter with mingled pity and disapproval.

She could read the ungoverned, passionate wayward nature of the Italian girl in every line; a nature so unfitted to bear so bitter a trial, or to win and conciliate a selfish, impetuous man like Leonardo Strozzi.

And yet, what fate could have apparently been brighter than Claudia's?—the beloved ward, the chosen betrothed of the noble house, lovely, well-born; and the bride of its heir.

Barbara gazed round at her modest room; and, as she glanced at the chimney-glass opposite to her, her expressive features were reflected to her half-unconscious eyes.

The calm, the peace they expressed, were as strong a contrast to the passionate misery painted in the tear-bestained page before her, as the humble proportions, the simple elegance of that tasteful apartment, were to the splendor of Claudia's Italian palace-home.

And yet, she had indulged in bitter murmuring, in unhallowed, rebellious discontent at the apparent inequality of her gifts and her appointed lot.

Then she raised her eyes to Heaven in meek and heartfelt thanksgiving, and humble confession of her own short-sighted, rebellious ignorance, and the Wisdom that had mercifully denied her most earnest prayers.

* * * * * *

Another long, long year!

Barbara's pen had been busy, striving to beguile the tedious days of solitude; to cheat the weary heart that longed for something more real, more satisfying, more congenial to woman's nature than mere fame and intellectual labor.

But in vain!

She pined for love—the sight of the one being who had always realized her lofty ideas of what man should be; the only being to whom she could bow her proud nature, and confess that he was indeed her superior, her master, her chosen lord.

But Sidney Ashley came not; wrote not; nay, she was ignorant even of his existence, so entirely had he abstained from giving the least sign of remembrance of her.

Once, indeed, a rumor had reached her that he had gone far away to the distant East, and that Ashley Court was abandoned to the care of servants; but she knew not whether the report was true, or one of the idle and exaggerated stories that are sometimes spread, to account for the eccentricities of a former favored denizen of the world of fashion.

Colonel and Mrs. Forbes were still on the Continent, moving from place to place at the pleasure of the capricious invalid.

Sir Ernest had accepted an appointment at the Russian Court, and his return was not expected for several months, or even years.

And Mrs. Cowan, on whom Barbara might perhaps have relied for kindly remembrance, and occasional tidings of her wandering nephew, had been mentioned in one of the few newspapers that had found its way to Barbara's secluded home as one of the English residents at Nice for the winter.

The orphan was indeed alone.

Death, and absence, and her own fiat, had bereaved her of every friend who had been associated or connected with her early years; Barbara Vere felt as isolated as the lonely and aged pilgrim who had outlived all earthly ties.

What wonder that the young, passionate woman's heart cried out against this unnatural bereavement; that her intense feelings overpowered her proud and self-reliant intellect, and that she pined and hungered for the love she had rejected.

She closed her desk, and going to the window, she gazed on the scene beyond.

Grey clouds hung low and heavy over the sky, and everything looked dull and gloomy.

Barbara turned away with a sick heart, and opening the piano, began a plaintive prelude to Sidney Ashley's favorite air, "*In questa tomba oscura.*"

She began the song with trembling voice; the words died away; she had overestimated her strength, and she gave up the attempt in despair.

She could not weep, although there was an intolerable weight at her heart; and putting her hands over her eyes, she drooped her head over the piano, and abandoned herself to the despairing mood that overwhelmed alike hope and trust.

The wind blew fiercely round the corners of the house: how much more terrific it might be on trackless seas!

It was a dark hour of trial, and she struggled desperately with the phantoms that clustered about her.

Then came other sounds, a barking of dogs, a ringing of the gate-bell, and a voice that made her heart beat wildly with delight.

A step was heard on the threshold, then the door opened quickly, and a tall, stalwart form stood in the doorway.

Barbara sprang forward with a wild, joyful cry:

"Come at last!

"Oh, thank Heaven! come at last!"

Her face was radiant, her eyes sparkled, her glowing lips parted.

Leaning against the door, with his arms crossed over his chest, Sidney Ashley stood silently regarding her.

She went up close to him, and her extended arms trembled; still he did not speak.

"Oh, I knew you would come.

"Thank God!—thank God!" she said, half-wildly.

She looked up at him so eagerly, but he said nothing.

She stood for an instant irresolute, gazing at the loved features.

Still he remained motionless, looking at her, as if to read her very heart.

Then he suddenly held out his arms, with a smile that broke like sunshine over his features.

"Barbara—my cousin—come!"

She sprang into his outstretched arms, and laid her weary head on his shoulder.

Bending his head, he kissed her passionately.

Suddenly his arms relaxed their clasp, and holding her off, he looked at her keenly.

"Barbara," said he, "the spectres of the past rise up before me.

"You know my story.

"You know that I once asked you to be my wife, and you said you would rather die.

"Child, years have not dealt kindly with me since then.

"I am no longer a young man.

"Look here!"

He threw off his hat, and passing his fingers through his hair, she saw streaks of silver.

He watched her as she noted it.

She saw, too, how haggard he looked now that the light fell full on his pale face.

The brilliant eyes were unaltered, and, as they looked down into hers, tears gathered on her lashes, and throwing her arms around his neck, she laid her face on his shoulder.

"Barbara," said he "do you cling to me because you love me, or because you pity me, or because you are grateful for past love and kindness?"

"Because you are my all," she murmured.

"How long have I been your all?" he asked.

"Longer than I know myself," was the evasive reply.

He tried to look at her, but she pressed her face close to his shoulder, and would not suffer it.

"Child," said he, taking her hand, "do you love me?

"Is your love really mine?"

"If you wish it," she said, firmly.

"And I may claim it at once?" he said.—

"Yes," she replied.

She had never seen him look at her as he did then.

His face kindled, as if in a broad flash of light.

His eyes dazzled her, and she turned her face away, as he drew her once more to his bosom.

"At last, then, after years of sorrow, I shall be happy in my own home," he exclaimed; "shall have a wife, a companion who loves me for myself alone.

"Ah, Barbara, I will indeed make you happy.

And so he did.

Barbara's happiness was beyond the power of words to tell.

The long-tried orphan had found rest and joy, and peace at last—rest in the strong love of one to whom her whole being was devoted; joy such as she had dreamed of in her bright visions; peace in the humility, the gratitude, the heartfelt love to the Almighty Being who had prepared her by long discipline for the great happiness that only death could terminate.

Philip and Kate Joddrell joyfully, lovingly welcomed Barbara to their hearts and their kindred, scarcely deeming their own happiness complete till their friend had found rest in the possession of a heart worthy of him.

Mrs. Cowan ended her days in her nephew's house, with the unchanging and frequently-declared belief, that it was her own discernment that had first opened her nephew's eyes to Barbara's perfections.

Years elapsed ere Sir Ernest Forbes forgot the beautiful cousin whose early death had bereaved him of a bride, or the noble girl whose merit he had been the first to discover.

But he at last found consolation in the sweet soothings of a fair Russian girl, whom he transplanted to his native hills from that northern clime; and in her simple grace and fascination, and gentle heart he found, if not the full happiness of Sidney Ashley and Barbara Vere, at least the calm repose and content of a peaceful English home.

[THE END.]

A MAN seeing a corpulent black dog etched against the sawdust in front of a restaurant, asked the proprietor when he was going to serve it up, under the impression that the animal was on exhibition, like the placarded turtle, for a few days previous to being cooked to make men's souls glad.

Scientific and Useful.

CARPET BUGS.—The *Scientific American* says that one of the surest destructive agents for carpet bugs is benzine, thoroughly applied.

FAMINE BREAD.—Croatian bread, recommended for use in time of famine, is prepared by making a mixture of corn, maize and beechwood flour, the latter, being soaked in water.

STAINS.—Some kinds of stains may be removed from silk by the application of essence of lemon, one part; spirits of turpentine, five parts. Mix and apply to the spot by means of a linen rag.

SOLES OF SHOES.—Copal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof and last as long as the uppers.

ON THE STAGE.—A proposal to use electricity in the holiday burlesques and pantomimes in London on the persons of those representing fairies, &c., is roundly condemned by the press, and the Home Secretary is called upon to prevent anything of the kind.

WOOD-WORK.—In Holland the preservation of the wood-work of drawbridges, sluices, gates and other works is conducted by the application of a mixture of pitch and tar, whereon are strewn pounded shells with a mixture of sea sand, or again with small and sifted beaten scales from a blacksmith's forge.

KITES.—An English writer advocates the use of kites for meteorological observation. They can, as he shows, be not mere toys but philosophical instruments—capable of ascending to great heights, remaining steady in currents of varying velocity, and of being manipulated by the observer with ease and rapidity.

DAMP PROOF PAPER.—Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, 10 parts; paper pulp, 40 parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slacked for 24 hours—20 parts; gelatine, 1 part, and saturated solution of bi-chromate of potash, 1 part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.

POWDER ENGINES.—Gunpowder says the *Engineer*, supplies the motive power for a machine lately patented. A piston is set in motion in a hollow cylinder by small quantities of gunpowder, which is now ignited on one side of the piston and again on the other, driving it to and fro, of course. The gases which have been used escape through lateral openings closed by slide-valves at the return movement of the piston. What heavy residuum accumulated in the deepest part of the cylinder is pushed into receptacles, which are emptied as occasion requires. A suitably arranged gas-jet ignites the powder.

Farm and Garden.

ROSES.—Monthly roses, especially the tea scented are beautiful window plants. They need rich soil, thorough drainage, frequent washing of the foliage with a fine, rose syringe, as even a temperature as possible, carefully guarding from draughts of cold air, and smoking with tobacco if the green fly makes its appearance. They should have the morning sun, but be shaded from the afternoon sun when it has become powerful.

OATS FOR STOCK.—An experienced farmer recommends that oats be soaked sufficiently to swell them before feeding to stock. Ground oats are in proper condition at all time, but millers are not partial to grinding oats, and many farmers feed them unground. When soaked the husk is partly torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the soaked grains from the dry when allowed a preference in the matter.

BOOKS AND EXPERIENCE.—Farmers sometimes sneer at what they style "book farming," claiming that they prefer experience. Experience and study should jointly be acquired by all. With years of experience there are but few farmers who can visit the agricultural shows, judge and select the prize stock. It is important, in order to be a first-class farmer, to understand all that pertains to it, and nothing is so much needed as knowing how to select the best.

POTATOES.—Although potatoes do not become spoiled by a few degrees of cold, especially when they are dry, their eating quality, as well as their germinating power do certainly deteriorate when exposed to a temperature below thirty degrees. In cellars not entirely frost-proof the heaps should be covered completely with old carpets or matting, and these with six inches of straw or hay. Such a protection will afford safety against almost any amount of cold possible in a cellar. When the weather becomes warmer, the windows and doors should be kept closed in day-time and opened during night.

POULTRY.—Poultry to insure highest market prices, must be well fattened, crops empty when killed; killed by bleeding, but do not remove the head; nicely and well picked; skin not broken or torn; entrails should not be removed; thoroughly cooled but not frozen. Pack in boxes, with a layer of clean straw (rye straw is the best) between each layer of poultry, in the same posture in which they roost. Mark each box plainly showing what it contains. Send invoice by mail. Ship to reach your agent about the middle of the week.

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THE LOVE OF HOME.

The genuine love of home, for its own sake, may be, and no doubt is, cherished by some who reside in stately buildings, but neither a castle nor a cottage can ensure happiness or contentment, nor can they of themselves, except in a very indirect manner, conduce to it under any circumstances. There must be in the mind and character certain dispositions, without which other means lose their influence. Those who feel this incomparable delight at the thought of home are those who do what they can to make it agreeable to all its inmates. Whether master, mistress, child or servant, home will only be comfortable to those who personally contribute to its comfort. The rugged, irascible man; the contentious, brawling woman; the undutiful child, and the forward servant, invariably find this denunciation fulfilled, that as persons measure to others, it shall be measured to them again. There is neither bail nor main prize here. He who makes others wretched, is himself a wretch, whether rich or poor.

There are some who underrate, or even affect to despise, these anonymous domestic comforts, which make many a lowly dwelling enviable. Though most irritably alive to the annoyance of petty evils, they derive no enjoyment from the innumerable little pleasures of which social families partake.

Men there are who are bears enough to be displeased at the attempt to please, and who will snarl at all endeavors, great and small, to give them satisfaction; who can find occasion for a harsh word in the utmost efforts and attentions of her who has worked hard for a kind one. Bitter have been the tears shed by those who have thus suffered at the hands of brutality.

But many who do not go this length, and are by no means indifferent to the comfort of home, seldom find any there or elsewhere, from an unhappy habit of always looking at the dark side of things. Morose and murky, they think others the same, or in time make them so, and then suppose that they have just ground of complaint. There are no earthly means of making such persons happy. The garden of Eden would be a wilderness and its fruit insipid, to them.

But he who has an opposite propensity, and possesses the precious secret of extracting good out of evil; who can bear and forbear, forgive and forget; he is the individual who has found the true art of living. As to his dwelling, he may wish it a better one, and will do all he can to make it so; he still thinks of it with delight, and prefers it to another, partly because it is his dwelling, but chiefly because they reside in it whom he makes happy, and who make him so in return.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A NEW ENGLAND Senator who arrived at his Washington residence last week was surprised to find that the servants who had been left in charge had kept the handsome mansion open during his absence as a boarding-house, and had accommodated boarders both white and black. The owner's visit was unexpected, hence the discovery.

—

SOME time ago it was stated here that there was reason to suppose that the Dead Sea was not formed as people suppose. Lately the subject has been looked into more closely by a French scientist. Many specimens of the waters of the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Suez Canal, and the Indian and Atlantic Oceans were examined, and all gave proof of the presence of certain acids. From these the presumption was raised that the Dead Sea is the residue of a great inland sea analogous to that of the Caspian, and that it had been united to the ocean at some remote period.

—

EVERY corpse that is taken to the Paris Morgue is now quickly converted into a block almost as hard as stone. This result is obtained by a chemical refrigerator, which is capable of reducing the temperature of the conservatory, where each body is laid out on something closely resembling a camp bedstead in stone, to 15° below zero. At the back of this room is a row a stove-like compartments, in which the corpses are boxed up and frozen hard before being exposed to public view. As an illustration of the intense cold thus artificially secured, a Paris journalist, in describing a recent visit to the Morgue, says that in opening one of the compartments the attendant took the precaution to wear a glove, lest "his hand should be burnt by contact with the cold iron." The corpse which was taken out of its receptacle had been there for nine hours. The doctor who accompanied the visitor struck the dead man on the breast with a stick, and the sound was just as is he had struck a stone.

—

REALLY there is no end to the application of steam. In Boston they clean horses by it. The machine is operated by two men, who guide the rolling brushes over the horses, cleaning a horse in about two minutes more thoroughly than the work could ever be performed by curry-comb and brush. When once a horse gets over the skittishness which a new and strange thing always excites—and that is invariably after one or two cleanings—he seems to greatly enjoy the invigorating operation. The machine will beautifully clean twenty-five horses an hour. What next?

—

A CURIOUS musical entertainment has been arranged at a circus in Paris. Instruments, including bells, flutes, cymbals, drums, hautboys of special nature, etc., are placed around the circus and connected by wires with an electric keyboard in the centre. There is also below the circus a machine similarly connected, which gives a rumbling sound like that heard in earthquakes. A piece is performed on four trumpets in the centre of the circus, and one of the performers presses now and again on the keyboard, bringing into action the distant instruments as desired.

—

ROAST-OYSTER parties are now a popular form of entertainment in the country. Such a party should be a limited affair; eight or ten people are considered to be about the right number. Only on chilly evenings may these entertainments be given, at as close proximity to the fire as necessary. The oysters in their shells are laid upon a gridiron placed over the embers of the sitting-room fire, and about the nucleus of warmth gather the guests, ready to receive the steaming bivalves hot from the grill, upon their plates. The oysters should be cooked only a few moments, and opened quickly with oyster-knives. They never taste so good as when eaten this way.

—

A NEVADA paper says that very few of the fortunes made in the early days of the Comstock mines are retained to-day. "The men who acquired wealth at that time," it continues, "were the most extravagant the world ever knew—even the Pacific Coast Argonauts were parsimonious compared with them. They built the finest private residences, owned the best horses, and drank the highest priced wines that money could buy. To-day the men who can proudly claim the possession of independent bank accounts as the result of their labors on the Comstock can be counted on one's fingers, and the men who were rich in the sixties are now reduced to nearly absolute poverty, and can actually be counted by the hundreds."

—

LUMINOUS railway carriages have been tried on the Southeastern Railway, in England, with considerable success. The interior had been coated with luminous paint, and though the result was not so good as if the experiment had been made in brilliant sunshine, a very fair light shone from the ceiling and the ends of the carriage on entering a tunnel. The hands of a watch could be seen, and the heads of newspaper articles read, so that it is thought that the system will be of considerable value for use in short tunnels, where lamps are not usually placed in third-class carriages. Another railway innovation will be the placing of a letter-box for late letters outside the sorting carriage attached to mail trains. The public will then be able to post their letters in the box on affixing an extra half-penny stamp. The system went into use on November 1.

—

AN inquiry has been made in Germany regarding the use of goggles by workmen in iron-works and machine shops. Of 120 works that had furnished information, 83 had introduced goggles, and 37 had not, 34 had used protective masks, and 86 had not. Of the 37 which had not employed them, five had formerly used them, but gave them up on account of disadvantages. As to the objections to the masks and goggles, 40 works, on the other hand, reported that they had found none. The remaining 80, including those that otherwise approved of the devices, complained that all goggles more or less hinder the circulation of air, heat the eyes, and cause much perspiration. They soon become moist, and through easy adhesion of soot and dust, prevent sure vision by the workmen, and often ultimately injure the eyesight. In several works the efficiency of the workmen was alleged to have been diminished through the uncertain vision since the introduction of goggles, and it was reported also that the number of accidents had increased. Whether the disadvantages preponderated was answered by fifty-two in the affirmative, and fifty-one in the negative.

—

Do you want to grow salt, and at the same time have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of bluing. Fill the goblet two-thirds full of water, and set it in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing day by day, until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful spectacle would be to take a goblet with the base broken off, and fasten it in the centre of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall-bracket, and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done, fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little.

—

Do not disdain dress and the little nicetties of the toilet; you may be a very clever woman—perhaps even intellectual; but for all that you cannot afford to be careless in these matters. No woman, with any sense of self-respect, should allow herself to sink into a dowdy; but whatever be her trials, vexations and disappointments, she should strive to dress as well as her position will allow. Do not imagine that we advocating extravagance; on the contrary, simplicity is our motto, which, if united to good taste, will be found more effective in the eyes of husband, father, brother, or lover, than the most costly attire. A simple bow in the hair may look quite as coquettish and fascinating as a diamond aigrette; and a cotton dress, if fresh and prettily made, may be as becoming as silk; indeed, we have often seen a cotton eclipse a silk. We mention this to illustrate the fact that riches are little compared to taste, and that every woman may dress well if she chooses—that, in fact, it is her duty to herself and those around her to dress as well as her position will allow.

—

MISS CONN, the eminent English writer, says: "I believe that much of the past and present disgraceful waste of money by women on dress has been the consequence of their condition as mere dolls, played with (so long as they seem pretty) by man-babies, and that with new freedom will come the sense of responsibility and self-respecting moderation. Nay, I go further in hopefulness. I believe that as the conditions of freedom are secured, so will marriage become to the bulk of mankind the blessed thing which the Orderer of nature assuredly meant it to be. The possession of unrighteous power has hitherto been the demoralization of husbands, and submission to injustice the demoralization of wives. Only because men are better than their laws, and public opinion far in advance of the statute-book, have there existed so many affectionate and worthy marriages as we behold. The whole influence of law has been against them. Every step toward equality in marriage is a step toward the mutual honor of husband and wife; and on no other foundation save the 'broad stone of honor' can conjugal love ever erect his time defying powers."

AT EVENTIDE.

BY A. J. T.

Ofttimes when all the storm-vexed day
The sullen clouds have ceaseless passed,
And winds have wailed as if to pray
For peace at last;
Lo! as if rolled by hand of might,
Aside the gloom of cloud is pressed,
And the soft eve is full of light,
And quiet rest.

Thus, too, beyond our doubt and strife,
Which cloudlike hide the heavenly light,
Shadowing the fair noon of life
With sombre night,
Awaits a calm and peaceful eve.
Then sorrow shall be overpast;
Then fear shall cease; and struggles leave
God's peace at last.

A Cruel Sacrifice.

BY L. W.

SHABBY, with a tired look, but a frank, manly young fellow, as any one might see at a glance.

The desk at which he had been working was of unpainted pine.

Scraps of paper littered it and the floor.

But for the rest, the room, though plain, was tidy, with a cozy homeliness of fresh muslin curtains and calico-covered lounge.

Allan stretched his arms above his head—the motion of one who had been sitting long at a wearisome task.

It was done now.

The sheets of paper on the desk held the result of many long days' study, worked out to the smallest detail.

There was a new school building to be erected in the place, and a prize had been offered for the best plan for the same.

And Allan, who had only craved money heretofore for books and tools, had a sudden ambition which reached to a furnished room or so—

"With room for two, when two were one,"

which this sum might satisfy.

"Though I would just take a look in at my rival.

"It's too late in the day to say I came to steal my ideas from you.

"I have my papers signed and sealed and ready for delivery before I took the notion, so if you care to refuse to show yours to me without an even return, do so."

The speaker's eyes were traveling over the design as he spoke.

He was a heavily-built man, who bore the stamp of good living as unmistakably as Allan Killair bore signs of privation and struggles.

But his florid face was coarsely featured, his light gray eyes were shiftily, and held cunning gleams.

"I don't object," said Allan Killair languidly.

He had no liking for this man, but was too hospitable to show him that his call was ill-timed.

He stood explaining certain points in his plan, while his ears were strained to catch a footstep on the stair, and his glance went often to the open doorway.

"I'm free to say that your ventilation is better than mine, but think I've the advantage in arrangement.

"These anti-rooms and dressing-closets of yours fill too much space, and the halls eat through too much of the building."

"The ideas to provide the most ample facilities for escape in case of fire or panic of any kind."

"Yes, I know," in a dissatisfied tone, "but the provident public likes to see its money economically employed, and all these extra walls add something to the cost.

"Well I rather think it will be a 'toss up' between us.

"You don't look as if you were used to carrying off the palm," bluntly added he.

"I'm not much used to this sort of work," said Allan.

"If need wins, there'll be little question between us, I'm sure."

"I'm not," the other muttered, and went away presently, but not till Allan had lit the gas and piled his papers in order.

He meant to leave them free for additional touches to the very last moment.

He went out into the corridor when his visitor had gone, to a turning which commanded a certain closed door.

"Too late for her," he muttered, and nervous and exhausted, he threw himself down on the lounge when he returned to his room, and before five minutes had passed was in a sound sleep.

The light steps for which he had watched came up the steps unheeded, and a girl looked in through the door with a baffled and angry light in her eyes.

"He'll win," she thought, "and I'll have my troubles all for nothing!"

The breezes blew in at the open window, and fluttered the muslin curtain perilously near to the flaring gas jet.

She took a step forward, then her gaze fell upon the papers.

She caught her breath, looked stealthily around, and withdrew softly, closing the door after her; and Allan Killair woke from the dream in which triumph had crowned his efforts—woke with a blinding glare in his eyes, and a great terror fairly stilling his heart-beats.

All one side of the room seemed a sheet of flame.

He made a dash into it, groped for an instant over his desk, and staggered back, a sort of instinctive cry escaping from his lips.

It might have been a moment afterwards, or an hour, he never knew which, when Virginia North opened the door and saw him standing with the blackened shreds he had snatched in his blistered hands.

"It is all that is left of my hopes," he said, very calmly.

"Don't be alarmed; the fire is going out of itself, I think."

Having licked up such light tinder as lay in its way, the fire was dying in faint curls about the window ledge and on the papered wall.

Virginia, always eminently practical, threw the contents of his pitcher over it, and shut out the breeze which might have fanned it to a new life.

"And I've burned my fingers to keep you company," she said with a pout.

"That's never your plan, I hope?"

"Yes, what's left.

"Poor little fingers!

"It isn't the way I wanted them to keep company with mine.

"Do you know, Virginia, I meant to ask you for the dear hand if all went well?

"Did you come in late?

"Then you might have saved me if the door had not shut.

"You would have seen the blaze."

A sudden flush rose over the girl's face, but he did not see it.

He went on in the same still way—

"I want to tell you now what a help you were to me.

"Because you were a teacher, I was glad that the design was for a school building.

"I planned it as if you were to teach there, but all the while I kept thinking—'If I win, she shall have only me to train.'

"It's all over, that dream, and I'll never know how far my faithful work would have gone."

"It would have won," she said, with a sincerity which he did not doubt, even while her tone chilled him.

Perhaps she wanted him to understand that the dream which was over for him had never begun for her.

If so, in his blindness he would not see.

Before the week was over he knew that the committee had awarded the prize to Deane.

He might get a contract for building, too, and Allan's pride was so humbled that he went to ask for work under him.

The little outer office was empty, and he had his hand on the door leading to a second room, where Deane's desk work was done, when the low, slow tones of a voice which never failed to thrill him spoke from within.

"I must tell you, then, that you owe it to me.

"His plans was every way the best.

"Even my telling you the points didn't enable you to touch it.

"And that lucky fire, as you call it, started under my very eyes.

"I shut the door and let it burn, when I could have put it out with one hand.

"Do you know why, Richard, my king?"

"Because, my dear, you're a subject leal and true.

"You are to take the oath of allegiance, to love, honor and obey, next, so what less could you do when it lay between Killair and me?"

Allan Killair's hand fell away from the latch.

The low murmur of words "foolish and fond" went on within, but he had heard enough.

He had lost more in that hour than when the fatal accident of the fire had snatched probable—nay, certain—success out of his hands.

In all his life before he had never wished evil to any one, and that wish was born in his heart now through this girl's cruel deceit.

That crisis in his life, perhaps, had its good results, for it took him away from the place and opened up a new field of work.

He had been for two years in the employ of the railway company, who were extending their line and pushing its branches, when something happened to stir all the rancorous feeling which had been temporarily lulled to rest.

"You'll have another hand on your work to-morrow, Killair," said the contractor, under whom Allan was deputy, that is, he had charge of one of the several squads of men who were on the former's payroll.

"Comes from the same place as yourself, so perhaps you know him.

"Name of Deane.

"He was supposed to be well off once, but went all to smash some twenty months ago.

"Has the reputation of being a clever rascal, judging from the disclosures of that time, I should say.

"Rather a step down from contractor on his own hook.

"I thought maybe you would know him.

"His wife has applied for the school over the way, I hear."

Some rumors of his rival's misfortunes had come to Allan, but this was worse than he ever supposed.

He had thought of Virginia raised to a higher station than he could offer her, well-dressed and well-cared for, and when he looked at the rough board cabin in which the winter school of that backwoods region would be kept, all his bitterness towards her turned to pity, and his rage against Deane was for dragging her down.

How far Deane himself had gone down in the world was apparent at a glance.

Seedy, with the purple bloat of habitual intemperance.

Allan found himself wondering how any girl could have preferred that man to himself.

Had he only known it, Virginia wondered with him.

"Seems odd that I'd have done better if I'd taken him," thought she, looking from the door of her little school over where the deputy was directing his men.

"It's a pity we can't know these things sooner."

Allan held aloof from her.

He told himself that his old love was dead and buried, yet its ghost must have walked, for he felt it beyond his strength to touch her hand or look into her eyes.

They were at work upon a cutting at the base of a hill, one day, Deane among them, when a tremble ran through the wall of earth above their heads.

A shout from their chief apprised the men of their danger, and they ran for their lives.

Allan stood nearest the slope which led from the spot, but he stepped aside to let the men pass.

Back in the cutting stood Deane, dazed and uncertain.

He had been drinking the night before, and but imperfectly understood the situation.

Allan looked back to see him standing there—to see, also, a little crack near the top of the bank widen, and Heaven only knows what dreadful temptation assailed him at that instant.

He need do nothing.

He had already given the warning.

If the man was too stupid to realize his danger, no blame could attach to him.

Heaven would only have taken vengeance out of his hands.

Heaven!

A little shiver ran over Allan.

He started like one throwing off a nightmare, sprang forward to Deane's side, and shook him roughly.

"Don't you see, man?

"Run, run, or you will be buried alive!" cried Allan.

Sobered and comprehending at last, Deane obeyed, but a loose fragment rolled under Allan's foot.

A slip from the splitting bank came down, and a cloud of dust rose, shutting out the scene.

When it cleared away the head of the deputy was seen crowning the fallen mass, in which he stood, literally buried to the neck.

Deane, who was nearest started towards him, but a cry of horror from the other men checked his steps.

A second portion of the bank trembled, cracked, and slid forward inch by inch.

Allan could turn his head sufficiently to see.

"Go back," he cried authoritively—"back all!"

The command was not needed.

In spite of the awful sympathy which drew them towards him, life was very dear to all there.

The school over the way was just out, and teacher and pupils stood appalled by that sight.

Allan's eyes went over the scene, rested for an instant on Deane and his wife, widely separated in that last earthly picture, then were turned upwards while his lips moved in silent prayer.

How far from such pitiable emotions as envy or jealousy he must have been then!

The sobs and tears and broken prayers of those watching were unheeded by the immoveable actor in that awful tragedy.

Other eyes watched the slow progress of the slip as it pressed forward, and a groan went up when it made a plunge, broke and fell, burying its victim under tons of earth and stones.

Kindly hands took the bruised body out of its temporary grave.

The eyes of those rough men were wet with tears, but Virginia Deane sat through the funeral services two days later, with a sort of curious expectation thrilling the blood in her languid veins.

"Seems to me Richard ought to be able to step into his place.

"Such a narrow escape—it ought to steady him some."

Verily, there are hearts that are made of stone.

That Silk.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

IT was a brilliant February afternoon, with the world all crested over with fairy pearl, the woods hung with fringes of icicle, and the sun going down in a great sea of yellow gold.

The sunsets at Glen Angel were a sort of daily miracle, and Beth Gifford, leaning her fresh young face against the quaint, lozenge-sashed panes of the casement, looked out and dreamed, until she could almost have fancied herself in a fairy land.

Suddenly old Peggy, in the room below, dropped a resounding tin can on the hearth, and in the same instant, Muff, the cat, made a leap at an adventurous mouse, which had dared to peep around the edge of an ancient folding screen.

Beth turned around with a sigh and a shiver.

"Put up your work, Carrie," said she.

"Oh, I wonder if there are any girls in all the world like us."

"I suppose we are all alike," said solemn Caroline, who, in a linen blouse, and with her hair flying in silky curls all over her head, was standing before an easel, with a palette and maulstick in one hand, and a brush in the other.

"No, we're not," said Beth.

"Squire Selwyn's daughters are drinking afternoon tea at this moment, surrounded by a host of young gentlemen admirers; Miss Mixsell is practicing 'La Juive,' the rector's girls are making flannel petticoats for the poor, and Fannie Clare is working worsteds, while we——"

"Well, we?" Caroline laughingly filled up the momentary pause.

"I am dreaming over my last poem, which won't end itself to suit me; and you, Carrie, are painting 'Queen Guinevere!'

"We don't go anywhere, we don't see anybody.

"Do you suppose we shall ever be married?"

Caroline looked quickly up.

She herself was slightly deformed, with one shoulder higher than the other, and she halted slightly when she walked.

Since the day that she was twenty, matrimony had scarcely ever entered her thoughts.

But with Beth it was different.

Beth was only eighteen, with dark, long-fringed eyes and cheeks of sea-shell pink.

Beth ought to marry a prince at the very least.

But where are princes to come from in these lonely mountain fastnesses?

"Beth," she said abruptly, "you ought to go to Miss Selwyn's party."

"Granted," said Beth.

"And evidently Miss Selwyn thinks so, too, else she never would have sent us those lovely gilt-edged cards of invitation.

"But how can I go?

"I've nothing on earth to wear but that cream-colored silk that everybody knows by heart."

Caroline sighed.

How very hard it was to be poor!

"Beth," she said coaxingly, "couldn't you wear it just once more?"

Beth shook her head.

"It wouldn't do," said she.

"Thirteen times within the year!

"People will begin to think—what is the truth—that I have not got anything else."

"You would like to go very much, wouldn't you?" said Caroline lovingly.

"If you will conjure up some fairy godmother," laughed Beth, to provide me with something new and splendid to wear."

And then she sighed again, for she knew that Colonel Durelle was to be at this same party, and she had fancied once or twice that Colonel Durelle did not absolutely dislike her, although Maude Selwyn was so much more regularly beautiful, and Essie Parks sang so delightfully, and Rosalind Hawkshaw could talk so much more learnedly about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and all that sort of thing.

"But one's fate is one's fate," thought Beth.

"And it will come to one, even in an old stone cell of a house like this, new dress or no new dress.

"Not quite so soon, perhaps, or no quite so brilliantly—but in time."

And Beth's soft eyes brimmed with sudden moisture at the thought of Colonel Durelle going away from Glen Angel, where she should never, never see him again.

Caroline and Elizabeth Gifford lived all alone in the old stone house where, a century ago, old Sir Glorius Gifford had settled down, in a fit of pique at the grand English relations who so systematically ignored him, and where the Gifford family had ever since been growing poorer and poorer, until they had dwindled down to three rooms in the old Tower, one rheumatic old servant woman, and a desperate struggle with poverty day by day.

Elizabeth was a beauty, and Carrie was a genius, but even beauty and genius must have a horizon whereon to shine, and what was the tower but a sort of living tomb!

* * * * * *

"Beth, Beth, don't lie there.

"Come, rouse yourself up!" cried Caroline.

For Beth, half-hidden in a fluffy white Angora rug that had been one of Caroline's models, reclined dreaming in the window seat, where the daffodil glow of the sunset flooded everything with light.

"What for?" she said drowsily.

"To dress yourself for Miss Selwyn's party."

"But I am not going. Didn't we settle it all?"

"But you are!

"Look!

"The fairy godmother has been here.

"She has left you a dress."

Beth sprang to her feet in an instant.

"Carrie," she said, "much learning has made you mad.

"What are you talking about?"

"See," said Caroline gravely, holding up something which shone and shimmered in the sunset, as if it were woven out of splintered rainbows.

"A new dress!" cried Beth, with a shrink of true feminine delight.

"Oh, Carrie!"

"How do you like it, Beth?" said Caroline.

Of the softest ecru, with a wreath of autumn-leaves surrounded the hem—such autumn-leaves as drift down, all red and gold, when the dawn-breeze stirs the frosty foliage of a crisp October morning—and delicate sprigs of golden-rod and pale blue aster all over it.

"Is it Pompadour brocade?" cried Beth, clasping her hands in ecstasy.

"Oh, Carrie, where did you get the money to pay for it?

"Surely, surely you never have gone in debt?"

"Put on the dress and wear it," said Caroline; "that is all that you have to do."

"Of all the young beauties in Miss Selwyn's crowded drawing-rooms Beth Gilford was the sweetest and fairest that night.

"Extravagance!" whispered Essie Parks.

"A dress like that, when everybody knows how poor they are!" remarked Miss Hawkshaw, with acrimony.

While Colonel Durelle simply lost his heart to the rose-cheeked damsel in the autumn leaves.

There were other superb toilettes there, of course, but Beth Gilford's was incontrovertibly the prettiest in the room.

And Beth herself looked like an opening rosebud.

It was long past midnight when she ran into the old round room in the Tower, where Caroline, still in her painting blouse, was musing before the blazing logs, while the ruddy light rose and fell on Queen Guinevere's jeweled crown in the picture, and a cricket sang shrilly between the red bricks of the hearth.

"Carrie!" she cried; "oh, dear Carrie, I have so much to tell you."

Caroline looked up amazed.

Was this era of transformation, then, not over?

Was this brilliant young princess, with cheeks of pomegranate crimson, eyes like stars, robes all gold and violet, her little sister Beth?

"I am so happy!" whispered Beth, flinging herself on her knees beside her sister.

"Have you had a pleasant party, Beth?" asked Caroline.

"A party?" echoed the girl, throwing back her long, silky curls.

"It was a glimpse of paradise!

"And—put your head down, Carrie, close to mine — he has asked me to be his wife.

"And I have said Yes."

"Beth, my little Beth!"

"You'll tell me now, Carrie," she said coaxingly, "where on earth you got that exquisite dress from?

"For I really believe it was the dress that Charlie fell in love with as much as it was me."

"You a woman, with a woman's penetration, and not to know!" cried Caroline.

"Why, it was your old cream-colored silk, darling.

"Peggy and I turned and remodeled it, and I painted the garlands of autumn leaves and the little clusters of asters during the days when you were out for your walk."

"You?

"Oh, Carrie, you are better than any fairy godmother," exclaimed Beth incredulously.

"My dear," said Caroline, "I was determined that you should have a new dress for Miss Selwyn's party—and you had it."

"And to think that I didn't recognize it," said Beth, self-reproachfully.

"But Carrie, dear Carrie, the enchanter's wand of your pencil has opened to me the gates of enchanted land.

"For, if I had had no dress, I couldn't have gone to the party, I couldn't have waltzed with Charlie Dorelle; and if I had not waltzed with him, he never would have taken me into the conservatory and told me how dearly he loved me."

And Caroline knew her little plan had turned out a success.

The Comet.

BY JENNIE C. LONG.

MIDGET TRENT was certainly a pretty girl, though some persons, who were anything else than Pigmies, spoke detractively of her diminutive form; but you know, there is frequently an ugly little cloud trying to dim the brightness of sun.

Midget is not her baptismal name at all; if you will look into the old family Bible, you will see it written Rosalind Christine; but she had been called Midget since she could remember, and the name suited her petite figure, and soft cunning style, better than any other.

Yes, Midget was certainly the belle of Woodlawn, the little town in which she lived, and this fact was the origin of her first trouble.

You see she was engaged to Vaugn Geldney, and when he saw that she did not frown upon every man who sought her side, he—well, he actually had the audacity to expostulate.

Well, Midget also expostulated.

You can imagine how it ended.

"A tear or two in secret,
A heart thro' God only knows,
A sudden blighting of roses,
By the falling of winter snows."

Midget was not a coquette, oh, no, she was only a soft-hearted little girl, who could not frown when one smiled on her.

It was not her fault that Dick Rossiter persisted in writing such exquisite notes on the very latest styles of highly perfumed note paper—Midget was very fastidious, and disliked too much perfume.

I am sure she she did not ask Mr. Dysart to repeat page after page of Moore to her—she did not like Moore, though of course, she was not so unkind as to express the dislike to Mr. D.

And when Harry Englehart sent her such lovely flowers, could she do any less than wear them to balls, and give him a few waltzes to prove that she was not unappreciative?

Of course not; and when Dr. Geldney called her a cold-hearted flirt, she was quite right to retaliate, and stigmatize him a "monster, a beast, and a goose!"

Vaugn Geldney had not long had the honor of writing M. D. after his name.

I regret to tell you that his skill as a physician was not appreciated in Woodlawn, and for no other reason than that of having first opened his eyes within its narrow limits.

"A man is never a prophet in his own country."

Old ladies who had known him since his boyhood, spoke of him as "that boy."

"Why I don't know but that he'd give me a dose of strychnine!

"I'd rather have—well, I don't know who!"

It seemed that the fates were against him.

Probably he knew that I Don't Know Who, is a dreadful opponent; any way, soon after his quarrel with Midget Trent, he bade his friends farewell and sought a new field of labor.

Now Midget had not meant to let him go from her in anger, the soft little thing would have said something very sweet, in fact, she had grown very penitent, when lo!

She looked from the window and saw Dr. Geldney and Miss Jane Kieth cantering by on horseback.

I do not know why Midget's face crimsoned so suddenly, or why she seemed to have swallowed something which choked her, or why she bit her lip, and exclaimed so passionately—

"I wouldn't do it now—no, not for anything in the world!"

Well, the next day Dr. Geldney bade Woodlawn good-bye, and went to try his fortune in a more prosperous town.

All that I have been telling you transpired two years ago,

I dare say, Midget had forgotten all about it long before the appearance of our last comet, about which the papers talked so much, and in regard to which wise men made so many lightning calculations.

Of course the Woodlawn people were not behind the times.

They talked about the comet all day and took disagreeable colds by going out half clad in the wee sma' hours to look at it.

Some of the young ladies declared they were "just crazy to see it, but they could not wake in time."

"Do please Miss Ada, if you wake in time to see the comet to-morrow morning, run over and wake me," said Mittie Pikes, to Miss Ada Duke, a nice old maid who lived next door to Mittie.

And Miss Ada did wake in time, and ran over and woke Mittie, who, when she had looked and exclaimed, "oh, how beautiful!" wanted to wake Rose Allston—well, when Rose too had exclaimed, "oh how beautiful!" she said, "let's wake Midget."

Thus they continued until all the girls in Woodlawn were aroused.

The great wandering body, shining so serenely in the eastern heavens looked down on them all unconscious of their admiration.

Miss Ada Duke's school-boy brother accompanied them as a metamorphosed Ivanhoe.

I do not think they feared anything more formidable than a stray cow, or the witch of Endor.

Garland Geldney was the last girl to be aroused from rosy dreamland, and brought out into the damp, October air to view the eccentric body, and she proposed, "that they should go into papa's orchard where there were no tall trees to obstruct the view."

And there they stood, at half past four in the morning, on the outskirts of the orchard.

They were separated into little groups, for one said, "it looked best from that point," while another said, "it looked best from there."

Midget was seated on the drooping bough of an old apple tree, which seemed to have bent and twisted its branches into a snug seat for idlers.

She was wrapped in a table cover—the girls hurried her so that she did not linger to look for a more stylish wrap, but took what was most convenient, the table cover, also, a beautiful chair tidy to wrap about her head and throat.

There was nothing to break the stillness of the hour except the noise of an approaching train.

The railroad track ran just below the orchard fence, and Woodlawn station was not far away.

It was indeed a beautiful morning; the comet was resplendent and clearly defined against "the floor of heaven."

The moon was not quite down, she flooded the breast of mother earth with a faint, silvery smile.

Clang, clang, rang the car-bell; the train was coming nearer; the girls heard it puffing and panting, like an angry giant; as it slackened speed—it was very near the station.

The girls drew nearer to each other, and said it was about time to go home; yet they lingered and talked.

"Gracious, girls!" exclaimed Rose Allston, "yonder comes a man."

The girls looked quickly; they saw a man, who had just leaped over the fence, coming rapidly towards them.

They had not decided whether to retreat or not, when Garland exclaimed in a glad voice—

"Oh, girls, it's only brother Vaugn!"

Then she ran to him and kissed him, and with a little sob of joy cried—

"Why didn't you write that you were coming?"

"Why," said Vaugn, as he patted her soft cheek, and looked at the girls in bewilderment, "I wished to surprise you.

"I intended to steal up to my old room, and to walk in to breakfast this morning, just as if I'd not been away two whole years; but you've spoiled my little plan—and now what are you all doing out here?

"Surely I've wandered into the court of queen Titania — what's the programme girls?"

"The comet!" they all cried.

"Oh, indeed!"

He was looking eagerly around, as though he missed a face he wished to see.

I cannot tell you what power of magnetism attracted his eyes in the direction of the old apple tree in which Midget sat.

Perhaps it was because, just at that moment, a sudden breeze sprang up and agitated the chair tidy which she had wrapped about her head.

"Surely," said Vaugn, "that is Titania herself, roosting in that apple tree yonder?"

"It's only Midget," laughed the girls.

"Then, I'll go and speak to her," said he.

"Midget, have you no welcome for me?" he asked softly.

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Geldney," she replied in a formal, dignified tone.

He picked up the tidy which had blown to the ground, and wrapped it about her head, as he replied—

"Midget, I don't think so much dignity corresponds with table covers and chair tidies."

He looked amused and laughed softly.

Midget forgot her dignity and laughed too.

"Midget," and somehow his arm had gotten around her shoulders and his cheek was pressed against hers, have you no welcome for me?

"Tell me quick, Midget, for the girls are coming."

"I am very glad—to—see——"

She did not complete the sentence.

The girls came up and said it was time to go.

"Well, girls," said Vaugn, "Midget has promised to go back with me to my new home——

"I didn't" exclaimed Midget.

"That is," pursued Vaugn, "if the comet does not fall into the sun, and cause the great conflagration which some one has predicted."

Aunt Pen's Beau.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

MISS PENELOPE BUTTERBEE was in the kitchen making cheese-cakes for supper, while her two nieces lounged in the dining-room, chatting over last night's party with a caller, Miss Euphemia Bangs.

"The handsomest man!" cried Rena, enthusiastically.

"Just like a brigand, with Spanish-black eyes and a drooping moustache!"

"Perfectly splendid!" echoed Dora.

"And he took me to supper."

"La, how nice!" said Miss Euphemia half-enviously.

"Yes, and he asked me if he might call today," added Rena, looking exultingly at her sister.

"That is better than going to supper, Do."

Dora bit her lip petulshly.

"Well, he expected to see me, too, I reckon," she snapped.

"They say he's awfully rich," put in Euphemia, anxious to prevent a squabble.

"And he's built that elegant house in Robin's Lane—sent on an agent before he ever came himself."

"Who is it you are speaking of, girls?" asked Miss Butterbee, who had caught snatches of the conversation as she made rapid journeys between the dining-room and kitchen.

Dora shrugged her shoulders and drew her scarlet breakfast-shawl more closely around her white throat.

"Nobody you know, aunt Pen" she said carelessly.

But Miss Bangs was more polite.

"Oh, it's Mr. Richard Norris, just from South America, Miss Penny," she explain with a smile.

"And he's ever so rich, and handsome as a brigand, Rena says.

"We girls are going to set our caps for him," she added shyly.

"Don't you wish you were young, so you could have a chance, Miss Penny?"

Miss Butterbee smiled at the artless question, but her two nieces laughed scornfully.

"Oh, aunt Pen's got a beau, old as she is," cried Rena.

"Sure enough.

"Maybe she'll get ahead of us yet, if she is an old maid," added Dora scornfully.

Miss Butterbee made no answer, but she colored painfully at the cruel sneers.

If she was an old maid, she was by no means an unattractive one.

No silver threads yet showed in the chestnut-gold of her hair, and no "crows'-feet" lurked at the corners of her grey eyes.

"What did you mean?" asked Euphemia Bangs, when Miss Butterbee had again disappeared in the spice-scented kitchen, "what did you mean by saying she had a beau?

"It it true?"

"True? No!" cried Dora, opening her eyes.

"I don't suppose aunt Pen ever had a beau in her life.

"But I caught her yesterday giving something to a great, lazy tramp that was strolling about town, and we have teased her about it ever since.

"It would be a poor stick that would want to marry an old maid like aunt Pen, I guess."

Miss Euphemia took her departure, and the girls began dressing for the expected visitor.

Miss Butterbee, in her rusty black bombazine dress, with a cardinal-red bow at her throat, and a lilac calico cooking apron tied around her waist, was taking a pan out of the oven when the door bell rang.

"Aunt Pen—aunt Pen!" cried Rena, sharply, over the back staircase, "why don't you answer that bell? It's rung twice and we ain't half dressed yet."

And quickly wiping her hands on a damp towel, Miss Penelope hastened to the door.

"Penny! Pen Butterbee!" cried a tall, dark, handsome man, with Spanish-black eyes and a drooping moustache.

And in a second Miss Penelope was clasped in his strong arms, half-smothered in kisses.

"Dick!" she gasped, looking wildly into the handsome, dusky eyes that smiled back into her own.

"Then you have not forgotten me, my darling?" said Dick Norris, drawing her down to a seat beside him on the sofa. "You have not forgotten me through all these long years, my Penny?" he asked, tenderly caressing the chestnut-gold of her fine hair.

"And you are glad to see me again Penny?"

"Oh, yes, Dick, so glad," she whispered, her face still pressed against his bosom.

And Richard Norris found time to tell her of the new home he had built for her in Robin's Lane.

"Close to the old crab-apple tree, Penny, where you first promised to be my wife, ten long years ago," he whispered. "And now I shall wait no longer, for I must take my wife home in a week."

And Penny was too happy to refuse.

"What's aunt Pen staying in the parlor so long for, do you suppose?" queried Rena, as she pinned on her frizzes, and prepared to open the campaign with her sweetest smiles.

"Oh, trying to entertain Mr. Norris, of course," pouted Dora.

"As if he cared to talk to her. I shall soon give her a hint that her room's better than her company, though."

And they rushed downstairs and into the parlor.

"Mr. Norris—oh——"

The words froze on Dora's lips, for aunt Pen sat blushing like a schoolgirl, her hand still clasped in that of her lover.

"Never mind, Penny dear," he said, resisting her struggles to withdraw it from his clasp.

"The girls must know the truth some time, and we may as well tell them at once."

* * * * * *

"And so, Rena, your aunt Pen did have one beau after all," whispered Euphemia Bangs, at the reception. "And not a very crooked stick, either," she added, a little maliciously.

"KITTY FISHER'S JIG."—During the attacks upon the French outposts, in 1755, in America, Governor Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley assembly of men thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to see these men marching through the streets of Albany, and taking their situations to the left of the British army, some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all, with colors as varied as the rainbow—some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated around their shoulders.

It so happened that there was present a certain Dr. Shuckburgh—wit, musician, and surgeon, and one evening after mess he produced a tune, already familiarly known in England, under the name of "Kitty Fisher's Jig," which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and "Yankee Doodle" was hailed by acclamation "their own march." Little did the author of the joke suppose that a tune introduced for the purpose of ridicule would be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than thirty Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

IT is by studying the records of the past that we learn to read with the highest intelligence and profit, the transactions of the present.

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New Publications.

"Grandmother Normandy," by the author of "Silent Tom." V. I. F. series. The series of which this volume is the third issue, has already achieved a remarkable popularity, and Grandmother Normandy will find a host of readers the moment it takes its place upon the counters of the booksellers. It deals more directly with some of the vital points of Christianity, than either of its predecessors, and shows how the bitter experience may be turned to good and lasting account. The story itself is fascinatingly told. The character of Grandmother Normandy, stern, relentless, unforgiving, almost to the last, is strongly drawn, and the author has shown her skill in the means she has devised for softening the old lady's heart and melting the pride which has wrought so much unhappiness in her family. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers Boston. Price, $1.25.

"Zigzag Journeys in the Occident—The Atlantic to the Pacific," is the title of a summer trip from Boston to the Golden Gate, by Hezekiah Butterworth. The volume, which is full of interesting description, story, incident and anecdote, has still a higher object than entertainment only. It seeks to show the drift of the great tide of emigration to the West, and its possible results; what the Government lands are and how they may be obtained; the conditions of success of the western homesteader, etc., etc. The book abounds in matter that is instructive and valuable to young and old, while the hundreds of splendid pictures scattered through it, only add to its many beauties. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.75.

"How Lina Loved the King," by George Eliot, is a pretty poem, printed as a holiday book. The text is illustrated by a number of new and beautiful illustrations. The present season has been prolific in handsome holiday books, and this is worthy a place among the best. It is magnificently printed on toned paper and richly bound. For sale by Claxton & Co., Publishers. Price, $1.50.

"I have Lived and Loved," is a new novel, by the well-known writer, Mrs. Forrester, author of "My Lord and My Lady," and other popular volumes. All she has written is of more than the average interest, and the present tale shows her at her best. It is distinguished by strength of plot, forcible drawing of character and language, which is never strained, though always impressive. Neatly printed and bound in cloth. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, $1.00.

A good story with a point is "Janet, a Poor Heiress," by Sophie May, who is well-known as a graceful and entertaining writer both for young and old. There is nothing particularly new in the various characters or the course of the tale, but there is so much that is fresh and charming and heart-improving altogether in its pages, that perusing it has a tonic effect of the strongest character on the better impulses of human nature. We feel certain those who read it will enjoy it. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Leary. Price, $1.50.

"Forty Years in Phrenology," embracing recollections of history, anecdote and experience, by Nelson Sizer. This book, which is handsomely printed, and contains over twenty illustrations, will interest readers, young and old. Derived as the matter is from more than forty years of active work as a lecturer on phrenology and phrenological examiner, the author has had abundant opportunity to come in contact with every kind of human being. For more than thirty years he has been the chief examiner in the office of Fowler & Wells, and in his experience has come in contact with more than two hundred thousand persons. The perusal of this book, containing about as many subjects as there are pages, shows that it is packed full of interesting and readable matter; a record of the examinations of many people of varied talent and peculiar character, make it read like a romance. No matter what one may think of phrenological science, he will find enough of interest in this book of human nature to make its perusal most pleasant and profitable. Fowler & Wells, Publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.50.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, have issued a beautifully illustrated programme of fine art and juvenile books, the binding in colored pictures. It is one of the neatest and prettiest of the holiday lists yet published.

"A Whimsical Wooing" from the Italian, by Clara Bell. It is a good specimen of the modern wit of sunny Italy, and can be read in a hour or two. It is lively, quaint, and interesting, pretending no higher than to be a serviceable help towards passing a dull day. This purpose it will certainly fulfil. Published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Three Vassar Girls Abroad" is the story of the rambles of three college girls on a vacation trip through France and Spain for instruction and amusement. It gives not only highly original and entertaining accounts of everything they saw—and it may be assumed that they saw everything—but their personal haps and mishaps, observations on men and manners, with other matter that conduces towards making what is already good much better. It is written by the distinguished authoress, Lizzie W. Champney, and is illustrated with nearly 150 pictures by celebrated artists. It is altogether one of the most charming books of the seasons. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Price, $1.50.

"Picturesque Journeys in America" is the title of a pretty quarto in the holiday list of R. Worthington. It is, however, as instructive as pretty, and will be preserved to instruct and entertain long after the holidays are over. The most beautiful and picturesque scenery in this country, from the shores of Maine to the wonderful mountains and valleys of California, are pictured in the fine engravings, and it is all described in the text in a manner most likely to hold the attention of young readers.

"The Prize," for boys and girls, is a book that would make any young heart happy. Not only is the reading matter of the most interesting character as to narrative and tone, but the pictures also are no less a consideration and are many and excellent. A feature, which is as attractive as it is novel, is a set of a dozen or so magnificent full-page pictures in colors. These are not impressions hastily thrown off, but works of art. As a holiday gift it would be splendid. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Variety and freshness of illustrations and literary features are claimed for the December *Century*. John Marshall, the Great Chief-Justice, is the subject of the frontispiece, which, with character sketches and many portraits, belongs to F. V. Balch's paper on The Supreme Court of the United States. My Adventures in Zuni is Frank H. Cushing's first paper on a remarkable tribe of Pueblo Indians. William Elliot Griffis explains The Corean Origin of Japanese Art. The Taxidermal Art is the subject of several beautiful engravings of mounted birds and animals. A portrait of the late Dr. John Brown, the author of the inimitable story of "Rab and his Friends," illustrate a charming paper on Rab's Friend by Andrew Lang. Something between a story and a satiric essay is Henry James, Jr.'s, Point of View. Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, returns to The Problem of Spelling Reform, and John Burroughs talks delightfully of the Hard Face of the birds and small animals when winter is unusually severe. Mary Hallock Foote's serial, The Led-Horse Claim, advances to a strong and novel situation in mining experience. Mrs. Burnett's Through One Administration approaches the focal point of interest; and in the second part of The Christian League of Connecticut, the Rev. Dr. Gladden weaves practical hints for Christian co-operation into his effective New England story. The poems of the number are by the late Sidney Lanier, Prof. Henry A. Beers, and others. The other departments treat a variety of timely subjects. The Century Co., New York.

The December *Wide Awake* is the Christmas-day issue, and is [illegible] finest single number of this young people's magazine ever published; it appears in a beautiful cover printed in colors, and its [illegible] are filled with a variety of bright [illegible] Lee & Shepard, Boston. The Mother and the Child from Bouguereau's painting, with a border designed by [illegible], and illustrating Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's poem [illegible] Mrs. Whitney's poem is followed by one from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps [illegible] Mail Services. [illegible] a well-contrasted group of poems [illegible] Wings, by Dinah Mulock Craik; The Conquest of Fairyland, by A. Mary F. Robinson, and Garden Fairies, by Philip Bourke Marston. There is also a Russian Folk-Lore Ballad, by Mrs. Craigin, with seventeen illustrations by Miss McDermott. Besides Mr. Gilman's Dictionary paper, and Mr. Hale's To-Day paper, there are two delightful and very pictorial articles: Our Dogs at Eversley, in which Rose Kingsley, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, gives amusing reminiscences of her father's famous dogs, and Old Fashioned Cookery, by Luthera Whitney, with twelve drawings. After this the number is crammed, like a pudding with plums, with stories from the best writers in America. One hundred and fifty original engravings illuminate the number, which will be long remembered and long preserved. Only $2.50 a year. 25 cents a number. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Franklin street, Boston.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, notwithstanding the season of flowers has passed, is just as rich and entertaining as ever. The contents are such as every lover of flowers should know. A better magazine for those interested in the garden could not be gotten up. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Price, $1.25 per year.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery, for December, is all that is good in the way of pictures and good reading for smaller children. The matter, as to type, subject and treatment, is particularly adapted for their amusement and instruction. Russell Publishing Co., Boston. $1.50 per year.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has the following contents for December: Mr. Goldwin Smith on "The Data of Ethics," by W. D. Le Sueur, B. A.; Time-keeping in London, by E. A. Engler, illustrated; the Relations of the Natural Sciences, by T. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S.; Brain-weight and Brain-Power, by J. P. H. Bolleau, M. D.; the Cell-state, by Professor Ferdinand Cohn; American and Foreign Asphalts, by E. J. Hallock, Ph. D., Speculative Zoology, by Professor W. K. Brooks; Annual Growth of Trees, by A. L. Child, M. D.; Science in Relation to the Arts, by C. W. Siemens, F. R.S.; Musical Sensations, by M. Hericourt; Is Fingal's Cave Artificial? by F. Cope Whitehouse, M. A., etc., illustrated; The Spectroscope and the Weather, by C. Pluzzi Smyth; [illegible] Address, Sketch of Matthias Lowe Scudder, with portrait; Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, [illegible].

The Sanitarian, an excellent health magazine has, for December, the following contents, What is Sanitary Science? National Board of Health, Negro Mortality of Memphis, Dangers of Rag-Sorting, A Few Words About Stables, N. Y. Medico-Legal Society, The Coroner Question; The Geneva Congress, Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, The National Board of Health Reports, Yellow Fever, Mortality Statistics of the United States, Vital Statistics of Immigration, Foreign Mortality Statistics, etc., etc. A. N. Bell & Co., Publishers, New York. Price, $5.00 per year.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass., we have received a copy of "The Redemption," by Charles Gounod, the famous composer. The accompaniment is by the celebrated Berthold Tours, and the English translation of the words by the Rev. J. Troubeck. We recommend this grand composition to all choral societies, and others who take an interest in the very highest class of sacred music. It is unnecessary to speak of the grandeur of this work, as the fame of its author is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The press-work and printing is particularly neat and clear. Price, $1.00.

"The Souvenir Grand March," composed by Dr. H. W. Seem, is a very melodious and at the same time easy piece of music. M. D. Swisher, Publisher. Price, 40 cents.

THE POISONOUS SERPENTS.—Venomous snakes are those which have two hollow teeth in the upper jaw through which they eject poison into the wound made by their bite. There are two classes of venomous snakes—those whose bite is certain death, those whose bite can be cured. The only venomous snake inhabiting Europe is the viper, but its bite is seldom fatal. In the United States, with the possible exception of New Mexico and Arizona, there are only three venomous snakes, the rattlesnake the copperhead, and the moccasin. All other snakes are harmless. In some places, the copperhead is known as the flat-headed adder, but the other species of snakes, to which the name "adder" is often given by country people, are as harmless as the pretty little garter snake.

Central and South America have many [illegible] snakes whose [illegible] always fatal. Among these, the best known are the coral snake, the tobora, and the "Mama Olanca," or white lady.

In one of the West India Islands—Martinique—there is a snake called the lance-headed viper, which is almost as deadly as the coral snake.

The East Indies are full of venomous snakes, and in British India nearly 20,000 persons are killed every year by snake bites.

Of the East Indian snakes whose bite is mourable, the cobra is the most numerous, but the diamond snake, the tubora, and the [illegible], or hook-nosed, are also the [illegible] a great many deaths.

The British Government has offered a large reward for the discovery of an antidote to the poison of the cobra, but no one has yet been able to discover it.

Africa, like all tropical countries, has many species of venomous snakes.

The horned cerastes is the snake from whose bite Cleopatra is said to have died, and from its small size and its habit of burying itself all but its head in the sand, it is peculiarly dreaded by the natives.

The ugliest of these snakes is the great puff-adder, which often grows to the length of five or six feet, and whose poison is used by the natives in making poisoned arrows.

It is a very curious fact that the poison of venomous snakes cannot be distinguished by [illegible] from the white of an egg.

And yet one kind of snake poison will produce an effect entirely unlike that produced by another kind. The blood of an animal bitten by a cobra is decomposed, and turned into a thin, watery, straw-colored fluid, while the blood of an animal bitten by a coral snake is solidified, and looks very much like currant jelly.

Nevertheless, the poison of the cobra and that of the coral snake seem to be precisely alike when analyzed by the chemist, and are apparently composed of the same substance in the same proportion as is the white of an egg.

THE IDEAL HOUSEWIFE.—The ideal housewife [illegible] systematic, [illegible] Wearied [illegible] of the housekeeper [illegible] to make [illegible] when [illegible] Who knows how to [illegible] and save [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] who has a place for [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Who knows when [illegible] Who knows how to [illegible] Who knows how to [illegible] those for dishes [illegible] and after they have once been [illegible] cut [illegible] days, there need be no [illegible] over [illegible] full of linen for [illegible] course, not being [illegible] with a hundred hands for work [illegible] woman in the [illegible] M. S.

HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

THE question how near a couple can come to be married without actually becoming husband and wife, was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons, in France.

All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic, is the binding one—on the morning and for the blessing of the priests at the cathedral altar in the afternoon.

The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called "the fatal question" had been asked of each and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife.

At this critical moment, the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger.

The couple paused, pens in hand; the witnesses stared in surprise; and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father.

The telegram ran as follows:

"Monsieur —— the bridegroom has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives.

"Vouchers are on their way to you by post."

The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the Civil Code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week.

The week passed, but no vouchers came.

Everbody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—everybody excepting the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of every one, believed it.

She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement.

The Judge of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary: and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple, and not a pair.

All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless; the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

Fickleness, on the part of both grooms and brides, has been a fruitful source of hitches at the altar.

There is a story told of a rustic swain who when asked whether he would take his partner to be his wedded wife, replied, with shameful indecision: "Yes, I'm willing; but I'd a much sight rather have her sister."

An equally remarkable instance, which must be authentic, is narrated by a Bathgate minister.

In this case, a hitch had occurred at the outset, through the absence of witnesses, and the bride herself had surmounted the difficulty by going for two friends, one of them being her cousin, a blooming lass, somewhat younger than herself.

When, at length, the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said, "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"Oh, what is it now?" asked the exasperated clergyman.

"Weel," replied the vacillating groom, "I was just gaun to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane'—pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage. I am afraid it is too late to think of such a thing now."

"Is it?" returned the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, sir, ye maun just gang on."

WRESTLING CAMELS.—Wrestling matches between camels is an amusement in which Turks take great delight although they sometimes get a fair mutual [illegible] the sport. Many gentlemen [illegible] for the purpose, and one [illegible] Stamboul [illegible] time for [illegible] of the week, who had a [illegible] for the sport. The camels are trained to wrestling when quite young, they exhibit great dexterity in the way [illegible] and seem to take much pleasure in the [illegible] We had a fine [illegible] a month or [illegible], having been [illegible] under the flag [illegible] of the Turks [illegible] of, the owner [illegible] a splendid [illegible] of hair and when he was six weeks old he was taught this [illegible] his teacher, using his [illegible] and mouth with much [illegible], and exercising such wonderful strength in so doing a thing [illegible] a very rough play [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] two [illegible] are [illegible] a wrestling match [illegible] and the [illegible] never after [illegible] at a fair.

When [illegible] seldom injure each other, being [illegible] throw their antagonist by getting [illegible] their fore leg [illegible] and then [illegible] the whole weight of their body on him and bringing him to the ground.

Our Young Folks.

JACK'S ORPHANAGE.

BY L. H. W.

"LAURIE! I say, Laurie!"

Three times, one after another, came the summons, in a cautious whisper.

The third time a curly brown head slowly raised itself an inch or two upon the little bed opposite, with a sleepy "What's the matter?"

"Hush! don't make a noise.

"I want to borrow twenty-five cents out of your box."

The head fell back abruptly upon the pillow.

"I shan't lend any more; you borrowed ten cents on Thursday, Jack, and there's hardly any left."

Jack slipped noiselessly out of his bed and across to his younger brother's.

"And you might think I never meant to pay you back, by the fuss you make about it.

"Besides, you don't know what it's yet: just wait till you hear.

"Draw up your feet and make room."

Laurie gathered up his knees to his chin obediently, and lent a willing ear, while Jack, who was the hero of his small life, unfolded his latest project.

"I couldn't tell you before, for I hadn't made up my mind," began the hero, loftily.

"I waited to think it over first; it was that made me so late home yesterday afternoon."

"It was what?" from Laurie.

"Aren't I telling you as quick as I can?

"I met Jim Crane as I was coming out of school, and we went up to Hill's farm.

"He's got the loveliest lot of young rabbits in the barn you ever saw, five of them, all black and white; and he says," concluded Jack, his voice sinking to a still more impressive whisper, "he says I may have the lot for twenty cents; and I've got ten cents towards it—there!"

Laurie sat up, fully roused at last.

"But, Jack, will Aunt Jane let you?

"Don't you remember how she sent away that yellow dog you bought once?

"She called him a cur, too."

Jack's face gloomed over at the recollection.

"Ah! but she won't have the chance this time.

"I shan't let her know anything about the it.

"I shall keep them up in the top attic—that corner by the window.

"Nobody ever goes up there, and I shall creep up very softly and take lettuces and cabbage leaves—oh! and bran; that's all they need."

"Jack, would it be right?" hesitated Laurie.

"You are sure to be found out."

"Of course it's right," protested Jack stoutly.

"Don't be such a baby; if it's just because you want to keep your money, say so.

"But there's Aunt Jane now."

For Aunt Jane, hearing the smothered voices, opened the door and look in briskly.

"Why Jack, what are you sitting up there for?

"You will get your death of cold.

"Get into your own bed again: it's not nearly time to get up yet."

And so Jack reluctantly had to go back again.

Nevertheless, the negotiations were concluded that day.

Tender hearted Laurie produced the required money from his diminished fund, and Jack surreptitiously prepared an empty box for the new-comers up in the disused attic.

Under the circumstances he dare not venture to hammer the orthodox lattice-work across the front, so its place was supplied by some rusty wire netting that he abstracted from the hen-pen.

A saucer of bran and a lettuce were put inside, and then, the arrangements complete, he went off to afternoon school.

Laurie was watching eagerly for him at the garden gate by four o'clock, but it was nearly six before his brother's figure loomed through the dusky twilight.

"It's all right, Laurie," he said, in an excited whisper, "I've got them. Look, as soft as silk."

Behind the big lilac tree he opened the rush basket about an inch.

The look was not practicable in the dim light, but there was a little rustling noise inside, and a feel of something truly as soft as silk under their trembling fingers. Jack shut the basket, and they slipped quietly into the house and up the stairs.

There was only one minute to install the little strangers in their new quarters, and bring the saucer of bran under their notice not one to judge of the effect; and then the two conspirators stole softly down to the dining room.

"Are you quite well, Laurie?" asked Aunt Jane, kindly, noticing how little either of the boys ate.

"I expected you both to be as hungry as hunters."

Laurie flushed scarlet; his share of the secret was a heavy burden upon his mind.

"I don't want anymore, thank you; but I'm not ill."

"I should think not," put in Jack. "It's just those lettuces he's been—been——"

There he pulled himself up abruptly.

"What lettuces?" queried Aunt Jane.

"I hope neither of you have been eating anything in the garden at this time of year; it might make you seriously ill.

"You must not go into the garden at all to play if you do."

"Very well, aunt."

"And, to Jack's great relief, at that juncture a visitor most opportunely appeared on the scene, and left them free to escape back to the attic.

"Jack," said Laurie, regarding the little shivering band in the corner of the box rather apprehensively, "do you think we ought to have taken them away from their mother?

"They don't look very happy."

"Of course we ought," returned Jack, decidedly.

"It's a kind of orphanage for them; and didn't you hear papa reading out the other night about that one at—at—I forget the name of the place, but it doesn't matter (Jack always did forget names, even in his lessons, where it did matter,) and he said how good it was of people to make places where little creatures who had no mothers could be taken care of?

"That's just what I'm going to do for these little things.

"What would become of them if I didn't I should like to know?"

This was putting the matter in a new light.

Laurie looked respectfully at his philanthropic brother, who was trying to insinuate a cabbage-leaf into one little mouth, and doubted no more.

Three or four days went by—bitterly cold days they were.

Jack and Laurie found it a difficult matter to collect parsley and lettuce enough for the orphanage out of the frozen bed, but the ponds and streams froze gloriously.

On the Friday night their father brought home two pairs of skates, one for each of them.

"Now, my boys," he said, "if you are ready at two o'clock to-morrow, I'll take you both to the park and teach you how to use them."

The doctor went away into his study, and the boys, after a prolonged examination of their new property, to their lessons.

"Six fours are twenty four," chanted Laurie at his end of the table; "six fives are thirty—Oh! Jack," in a hushed whisper, "we have forgotten the rabbits tonight."

Jack dropped his book aghast, "So we have; I'll run up now."

"Jack, where are you going?" said Aunt Jane, lifting her eyes from her knitting. "Come back to your lessons."

It was not till they went up to bed that the boys found a chance to slip up the attic stairs.

The little family looked less happy than they had the night of their arrival.

Jack looked down at them in some perplexity.

"I don't know how they contrive to get into such a mess; such little things as they are."

Laurie was watching one small white one closely.

"Jack, I'm quite sure that one is going to be ill; do let us ask papa about the little thing."

"No we won't," returned Jack, angrily.

"There is nothing wrong with it.

"I'll get them some fresh hay to-morrow, and perhaps some bread and milk.

"Come down; we shall be caught."

The frost was keener than ever the next day, and long before two the boys were waiting impatiently outside their father's door.

Punctually to the moment he came out and joined them.

It was a glorious afternoon's fun, and it lasted till the last gleam of daylight had departed, and then, tired and happy, they came home to tea.

After tea the inevitable lessons.

In the midst of them, for the first time that day, Jack remembered his rabbits.

He finished first, and went out of the room with a silent signal to Laurie to follow.

He got a handful of hay from the horse-rack, and then he looked into the larder.

The milk was not to be easily got, so he contented himself with a piece of bread broken off the loaf.

The dark, cold attic seemed darker and colder than usual.

He propped up his wax taper between two musty books, and slid back the box lid.

The little creatures were crouching in the corner; they did not stir when he put the bread in.

He touched them gently; all cold and still, except one trembling pair of ears.

A great fear crept into Jack's heart.

He ran down into his own room; his clean flannel shirt was lying upon the bed, ready for morning—it was the only thing at hand, and he took it back and wrapped the little starved creatures in it, while he tried to thaw them with his breath.

A few minutes later, Laurie's feet came pattering up the stairs.

"Aunt Jane has got a lovely cake, and she says we are both to have a slice, for—Oh! Jack, what is the matter?"

Jack lifted a despairing face.

"They are all dead, and I've killed them!"

"Ask father to come up."

The doctor came back with Laurie a minute later.

He took in the bearings of the case at a glance and, without asking any questions, bent down and looked at the little victims.

It was too late for help, and presently the last quivering pair of ears grew still, and Jack's head went down upon them in an agony of grief, and he cried bitterly.

His father sat down on the box and waited patiently.

Laurie was crying too.

"Jack, my boy," he said, breaking the silence, "you must never trifle with the life of a dumb, helpless creature again.

"Do you think you were doing right to deceive us all, and keep them shut up here where no one could help them?"

"We meant to be so good to them," explained the tearful Laurie.

"It was because of Aunt Jane; she said we weren't big enough to have menageries."

"Aunt Jane was quite right," said his father, gravely; "this proves it."

"Yes, she was right," sobbed Jack; "it was all my fault."

His father laid his hand upon his bowed head.

"They won't have died altogether in vain my boy, if it teaches you to be kindly and gentle to every dumb, helpless creature about you."

"And we'll never have another orphanage without telling father first: will we, Jack?" said Laurie, creeping up beside his mourning chief.

There was a little funeral at the end of the garden the next morning, when Jack's ill-fated orphans were buried under the big pear-tree.

The grass grows green over the place now, but it will be a long, long time before the sight of a rabbit ceases to be a reproachful reminder to them of that sorrowful little tragedy in the attic.

THE OLD NAVY.—Forty years ago, whenever a boat was called away the officer was almost invariably charged to "keep the men in the boat and under no circumstances to let them have grog.

Any violation of this mandate resulted in an abusive reprimand, to which was frequently added one or more months, "quarantine," or else suspension from duty, while a rigid adherence produced anger, hatred and contempt on the part of the crew, together with desertion whenever the men could find an opportunity to "jump and run," in which case the unfortunate midshipman would be soundly rated by the officer of the deck, the first lieutenant, and by the captain in a most accomplished blackguard manner, and probably suspended or quarantined from one to three months, and afterwards hazed throughout the cruise.

It was by no means a rare occurrence for a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, just from home and ignorant of both men and service, to be sent in charge of a boat manned by from five to sixteen desperate men of the worst type, some of them assassins and convicts, to await hours at a city landing for a captain or commissioned officers until it suited his or their pleasure to go on board.

Conceive a lad scarcely in his teens, fresh from the pure influences of a home and a mother's watchful care, rendered conspicuous by a uniform and a sword hanging at his side, searching for drunken, reckless men in all the low dens and slums of a large city, forcing his way into the vilest haunts of the most dissolute and abandoned of human beings, opposed by the lowest and filthiest of both sexes, and overwhelmed by torrents of the most beastly obscenity that ever greeted mortal ears, risking his life with these infuriated demons, and for what?

To insure an early return of intoxicated men on board, when a few dollars of their pay distributed among the police would have accomplished the object; and failing to bring them off, a furious reprimand was sure to meet him, and probably from one to three months' confinement and taunted with being "a worthless hound, not worth his salt."

Such was one of the duties of a midshipman 40 years ago; persecuted by those above and hated by all below him, a veritable Ishmaelite was he—"his hand against every man and every man's hand against him," taxing his brain to "get even" with his enemies, and in the long run he generally succeeded.

In this condition he existed until an examination for advancement surprised him, when, like a snake in his season leaving his skin behind him, he stepped forth into the world a new man—a transition as novel as it was astonishing to a buoyant nature suddenly released from the effects of an oppression which six years' endurance had almost established as a second nature.

A CURIOUS BRIDGE.—The queerest of all bridges is a monkey bridge, which is used by a species of monkeys having long and prehensile tails—that is, tails that can grasp and hold on to an object. When they wish to cross a river they climb a tall tree near the river's edge. The topmost monkey winds his tail tightly about the shoulders of the one below him, and the second monkey does the same by the third and so on, until the chain is long enough. Then they give it a swinging motion, increasing in velocity until the lowest monkey can reach the branches of a tree on the opposite side of the stream, when he climbs to the top of the tree, and the monkey on the other side lets go and the whole chain swings safely across the stream. This might be called a natural suspension bridge.

***"Necessity is the mother of invention." Diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels brought forth that wonderful remedy, Kidney-Wort, which is nature's natural curative for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths.

A QUEEN'S PECULIARITIES.

THE Queen of England is as self-willed and opinionated in her middle age and widowhood as she was in her girlhood or married life.

She possesses the same will and obstinacy, which battles opposition and reaches its end by the mere force of its determination not to yield.

It is and has ever been the same in the ruling of her household, the education of her children, in her relations with her husband, who was a consort in name only, in her religious tendencies, her dislikes, her friendships, and her patronage.

The obstinacy of the Queen is proved by the open, persistent favoritism shown to the same John Brown, the servant of her dead husband.

Incomprehensible and meaningless, it goads almost to madness her immediate entourage, and every open or tacit opposition only causes it to be more manifest.

That proudest of proud woman has been made, by a preconcerted plan, to see this servant of hers in the most degrading state of drunkenness, almost at her very feet, and yet, with an infatuation stronger even than femininity, her manner to him remained unchanged, and she made no sign that could give a clue to her secret thoughts.

Ladies in waiting of exalted rank have rebelled openly against the breach of etiquette his familiarity has created, and refused to be made a party to it; but snubbed by them, he was only the more graciously treated by his royal mistress.

He follows her like a shadow from palace in public and in private, behind her chair at her meals, in the rumble of her carriage in her drives, bending over to exchange a few words, and calmly possessing himself of her field glass to inspect some distant manœuvre at a review.

The Queen does not slacken the reins on her sons' necks when they marry; she orders, directs, aways them at home and abroad, and scorns no minutiæ of detail, just as she allows no impulse of independence.

At Petersburg during some fetes the Prince of Wales telegraphed to ask his mother whether he might attend a court ball on a Sunday.

The answer was wired back.

"Decidedly no," and he abstained. It was said, however, that he sought more mysterious and quite unsabbatical compensations.

When the Princess Royal married Prince Frederick William, a palace in Berlin was built and decorated for her reception; the plans were, by courtesy, submitted to the Queen.

She not only dictated them, and, regardless of the [illegible] time it entailed, had [illegible] to suit her own conception, not of what was appropriate to Prussia, but what she deemed necessary for a British princess.

She likewise dictated the costume to be worn summer and winter by the female servants, sent her own physician to attend on the Princess at the birth of all her children, selected the nurses, the governesses, and laid down rules for their education, till at last her will clashed with one equally strong, equally domineering, and something more than coolness ensued.

The wilfulness of the Princess Royal is proverbial and developed early.

When dethroned from her position of future Queen by the birth of her brother, she had to relinquish at the same time certain privileges, unimportant in reality, but the loss of which was inexpressibly galling to her as she grew out of babyhood.

Thus, for the heir apparent alone are the folding doors thrown wide open when he passes from one appartment to the other.

Little Victoria used to rush forward breathlessly screaming:

"The Prince of Wales is coming!" and when she had sailed through the hastily flung open doors she would turn around mockingly and inform the attendants that they had paid her the unnecessary honor.

Princess Louise of Lorne, one of the most amiable of the Queen's daughter, after the unfortunate Grand Duchess of Hesse, her father's favorite, was violent as a child beyond the limits of probability.

At the slightest provocation from nurses or governess she would fling herself on the ground screaming, beating a tattoo with her heels, unamenable to reason or reproof.

At Osborne and Balmoral the Queen is jealous almost to selfishness of the privacy of her grounds.

Not even in her absence is an alien foot permitted to tread the sacred precincts; severe rebuke from austere gamekeepers overtakes the unwary pedestrian who wanders even in the remotest glades of the royal demesne.

No road crosses it, no right of way is conceded; so imperious is her wish for utter seclusion that, in deference to her openly expressed desire, no railroad is constructed within hail of Balmoral. When the Ministers of State are hastily summoned to council, after a long and weary journey they have still a fatiguing drive to encounter before reaching the royal presence.

To men no longer young, tried by severe mental exertions and much business, this is a serious drawback, but one which the Queen never takes into consideration.

EVERY farmer, and especially every dairyman, ought to put up a supply of ice.

☞A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

IN DREAMS.

In dreams when nights are cold and winter winds are blowing,
When the hoar-frost on the house-top glitters in the pale moon's beams,
Old summer days come back, with June's gala roses glowing,
In dreams

In dreams you wander with me beside the restless river,
Where the willows kiss the surface till the troubled water gleams,
And I watch the sunshine on it where the weeping willows quiver
In dreams.

In dreams your soft voice haunts me; and your love speech low and tender,
As I bend my head to listen, like an angel's whisper seems,
There is dew upon the grass there; and I catch the morning's splendor
In dreams.

In dreams no fate divides us, you are mine to love forever,
How the wild birds sing around us, and the golden sunlight streams!
Love is mirrored in your eyes as the willows in the river,
In dreams.

In dreams, in dreams we part. The day dawn and the morrow
May take you: but each morning with the dreamer's vision gleams;
You are mine when night recalls you with your young heart free from sorrow—
In dreams.

THE HISTORY OF MIRRORS.

THERE is an intimate romance and charm about mirrors; no bit of furniture comes to us laden with so many weird, poetic and human associations. The use wizards made of the mirror deepened its hold on the popular superstitions; no necromancer was without one. Nor was it the uneducated and rustics alone who believed in its weird attributes. Queens, statesmen, soldiers consulted to the light of Cagliostro's mirror; and of that of Nostradamus before him.

The belief in the magic power of the mirror to reflect passing events and the future permeates the folk lore of every country; it has passed into the fairy tales that delight our children. All the vague, yet tenacious, superstitions about the looking-glass that linger in our country sides have been wrought by poets into their lays. That which sends lads and lasses to gaze into theirs at midnight on New Year's and All Hallow eves has inspired some of the sweetest, most fantastic poems.

It would be a fascinating theme to trace the mirror through literature; still, we must not linger upon it, but pass on to its history. Poets and painters have agreed to depict the pool as the first mirror. The first act of the first woman, according to Milton, was to gaze at herself in its liquid plane. Other poets have called the loved one's eyes the first mirror; and poets alone can decide this delicate point.

The first historical mirrors were made of brass. In Exodus we are told that the Israelitish women brought their brazen looking-glasses to Moses, and that he made thereof the foot of the "laver of brass." Those mirrors were probably similar to the ones used by the Egyptians, and which have been discovered buried with mummies. In the recent find at Thebes of Pharoahs and princesses, some anterior or contemporary, others posterior to Moses, mirrors of mixed metal, chiefly copper, were found lying among the paraphernalia of jewels and rich apparel, entombed with the mummies. They were laid there to assist at the ghostly toilette to be performed by each member of that royal company on the day when, rising from the dead they would deck themselves in their splendid trappings before passing to the judgment seat of Osiris.

The Egyptian mirrors were beautifully polished, in form nearly circular, usually less in height than in breadth. The handles were often ornamented, some in the form of a column, occasionally the head of Athor, goddess of beauty, formed the capital, sometimes it was formed by the head of Bes, the divinity of music and dancing. Delineations of the latter god appear frequently on Egyptian toilet implements, probably because his satyr-like face was thought to avert the evil eye.

In Greece mirrors were also made of an amalgam of tin and copper, silver being not unfrequently added. These, highly polished, were set in ornamented frames with handles, like the Egyptians, they were nearly circular in form, rather broader than high. The first mirror of pure silver was made by Praxiteles in 328 B. C. Later on some were made of gold.

In Rome hand-mirrors of bronze and silver and of somewhat similar design were largely used. As a proof of the extravagance of the Roman ladies, Pliny tells of their rage for mirrors, and of the desire of each girl to possess a silver one, disbelieving the evidence given to her by one of an inferior metal.

It was the old world hope, in the last day of rising again, that brought those silver and bronze toys into sepulchres, to help the dead women to deck themselves before setting forth to stand before Persephone in the land of shadows. The excavations in Herculaneum and Pompeii have familiarized us with the interior of Roman houses. There were found not only numberless hand-mirrors, but portable mirror frames, standing about a foot high, ornamented with representations of divinities in various attitudes and action. Slabs of polished metal decked the walls of houses and baths. In some domiciles, Vitruvius tells us, mirrors were made of spaces of plaster darkened and highly polished.

In Constantinople, the luxurious capital of the Eastern Empire, the mirror was to be found in every household set in frames of ivory, bronze, and silver, of exquisite and elaborate workmanship. Besides metal we also find polished stones used for mirrors.

About the year 1300 the Venetians found out the secret of making plate glass and adapting it to the use of mirrors. It was some time, however, before the old polished metal mirror disappeared from use.

Grains of Gold.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Perseverance accomplishes what a trial commences.

Be ever on your guard against making rash promises.

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

Be graceful if you can; if you can't be graceful, be true.

An ignorant man hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.

Time is money. A waste of opportunity is criminal neglect.

When a good impression is made it should be carefully preserved.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect that is the most dangerous.

Accept the advice of competent instructors, and be guided thereby.

A courteous demeanor makes friends; a blustering tongue, enemies.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows.

Boast not of skepticism; it is no evidence of either wisdom or independence.

A Russian proverb says, "The devil lies hidden where the water is stillest."

Character gives a splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

He who says what he likes, must expect sometimes to hear unpleasant things.

Strive for the mastery in whatever you undertake. Inefficient services are fruitless.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Exaggeration and actual lying are very closely related. Fact and truth are always powerful.

Idleness is always beset with trouble. Persistent labor allows no time for the indulgence of folly.

Do not for a moment let your confidence betray you into supposing yourself incapable of mistake.

Never impose upon a business man's time or attention. See him by his own appointment.

Time waits for no man. Do not be a laggard, but rush onward in the battle of life determined to win.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is decidedly active—sly, more, concentrated strength.

Simply to ape the weak points of a good man is no evidence that you also possess his good qualities.

Have respect for the opinions of others, although you may possibly be enabled to prove them wrong.

If you should have just what you really deserve—no more, no less—would you be a happy as you are now?

Expenses are not rectilinear, but circular. Every inch you add to the diameter adds three to the circumference.

The world abhors closeness, and all but admires extravagance. Yet a slack hand shows weakness; a tight hand, courage.

Femininities.

What is the extreme penalty of bigamy? Two mothers-in-law.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her nightcap.

We carry all our neighbors' crimes in the light, and generally throw our own over our shoulder.

A New York girl has made $100,000 by an oil transaction. A can of it blew up her rich old aunt.

One of human nature's oddities—The girl with the biggest feet always wants to play Cinderella.

Let mothers beware of getting their fingers burnt while endeavoring to obtain good matches for their daughters.

Women are true to one another in all things but babies, and there it must be confessed they do flatter one another a little bit.

A Saginaw woman has ten children under 10 years of age. To save her hands she utilizes the pancake-turner, and requires a new one every six months.

A collector attempted to arrest a woman in Litchfield, Conn., a short time since, for refusing to pay her taxes, but she scratched his face badly and got away.

Whenever you see a woman talking straight to a man and beginning to nod her head and keep time with her index finger, it is time for somebody to move.

A Chicago chap advertises for "several steady girls to help on pantaloons." And an envious scribe says that a fellow who can't help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to want girls to do it.

"Woman has too long been a mere hanger-on—a camp follower of the Christian host," said Mrs. Melissa A. Stanley, who favors a wider field of action for her sex in connection with the church.

A woman in Toronto is suing her father-in-law for heavy damages for wrongfully enticing her husband away from her, and thus depriving her of his support, and, as the bill alleges, "his society, which was very precious to her."

A lawyer recently lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but, on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit protested that he was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And so the bride got mad and shipped him.

Human nature is very much the same as it always has been, and will ever remain. Fontenelle understood as much when he wrote this: "Men may say of marriage and women what they please; they will renounce neither the one nor the other."

How shall we know whether a young lady and gentleman of our acquaintance are really engaged, even if they should deny the charge? Why, easy enough. Just notice if he smokes a cigar while walking with her on the street. If he does, it is all fixed.

"Mamma," asked little Edith, "be all grown folks hateful?" "Why, Edith," replied her mother, "what puts that idea into your head?" "Nothing; only I know everybody who comes here is hateful, 'cause I've always heard you say so after they went away."

Men, as a rule, are easily attracted by a beautiful face, but it is by internal beauty of character that a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true-minded man, though at first enamored by personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of mental beauty.

The lecture rooms of the Vienna Medical College are so crowded, that lately a sensible American stepped up to the lecturer and said: "Sir, I do not see, I do not hear, I do not learn. Permit me to return you my card of admission, and be good enough to return me my money." This was accordingly done.

"There!" she exclaimed, thrusting the paper at him, and pointing to a paragraph which stated that the first thing the Marquis of Lorne did on meeting his wife was to kiss her, "what do you think of that?" "Poor fellow!" muttered the husband: "I expect it's one of the penalties of holding a public position."

If kid gloves are laid upon a damp towel for two or three minutes, they will go on with less chance of tearing. A glove manufacturer advises that the upper part of a mousquetaire glove be turned down beyond the button, and when the fingers and hand are worked in the top may be carefully turned, but not pulled, back.

How will our sweethearts and wives look in bonnets decorated with bouquets of turnips, carrots and onions, with spinach thrown in as a garnish? Those bouquets are displayed in milliners' shop windows, and it is only a question of time when we will be brought to the ordeal of seeing them in juxtaposition with fair faces.

Young ladies on the eve of marriage, it is stated, now give "spinster dinners," at which female friends only are entertained. Unless all the guests are also "on the eve of marriage," we think they would regard such a banquet as a hollow mockery, and sigh for the presence of a man's hat and cane, at least, to throw a glamour of masculinity over the feast.

Did it ever occur to any one why old Solomon made the remark about there being nothing new under the sun? The fact was that his numerous wives and wifelets kept hinting to him about having new bonnets, and he merely murmured that there was nothing new under the sun, in order that they might be made to believe that the fall styles in hats had not yet struck on.

Worth is sending to this county some very elegant toilets of brocaded plush in silver gray, combining this fabric with the new Ottoman silk in royal blue, dark green, and ruby. These dresses are made short, with artistic draperies of the Ottoman silk at the back, the plush forming the front of the skirt arranged in transverse folds, confined by clusters of loops of the silk fringed with floss-silk balls in shades of gray.

News Notes.

In Hungary children are taught seven different languages.

President Arthur has eight horses in the White House stables.

Berlin, with 1,160,000 population, has only 45 places of worship.

2,000,000 bushels of apples were picked in one county in Arkansas last fall.

King Thebaw, of Burmah, recently bought his infant son a million-dollar cradle.

An Indian boy wanted to hang himself after seven school girls had kissed him.

A fur cape for protection to the chest is close in front, and is fastened rather tightly at the back.

Bismarck has recently received his forty-fifth decoration, while Gladstone is totally undecorated.

A six-year-old boy broke his neck in Oregon county, Mo., recently, in trying to turn a somersault.

London boasts the tallest tenement house in the world. It has fourteen stories, and is 120 feet in height.

Thirteen new theatres have been built in Berlin in ten years, and in the same time only two churches.

The ultra fashionable now seal wedding invitations with white wax and stamp with a crest or monogram.

It has been openly boasted in New York that $2,000 in cash will clear a murderer before any kind of jury.

Commissioner Loring in his annual report estimates the yield of corn for this year at 1,-000,000 bushels.

Prof. Virchow has in his laboratory at Berlin a collection of 4,000 skulls, representing all races and times.

A New Orleans man got so mad because he couldn't thread a needle that he kicked a chair and broke his leg.

Anna Dickinson is said to have resolved never again to appear on the lecture platform, or on the dramatic stage.

During the past year 205 lives were lost in American waters by steamboat disasters. Of these only 55 were passengers.

The enormous sum of $202,000,000 is invested in the submarine cables of the world, aggregating 84,000 miles in length.

A South Carolina paper, referring to the disappearance of a man, says he "had on his overcoat and an overdose of liquor."

Cairo, Ill., is the place where an English sparrow carried a lighted cigar stub to its nest under the eaves, and burned up the house.

In the years 1880-81 the United States sent to China three times as much sheeting as was sold there by the mills of Great Britain.

The abolition of tolls on the Erie canal is a good thing for the Western farmers. It is a heavy blow to railroad monopoly in the matter of freight-tariffs.

A very successful trial of an improved telephone was made a few days ago in Boston over a line 551 miles in length. Conversation was carried on for three hours.

A jury of twelve sober citizens have been called upon in St. Joseph, Mo., to decide whether flowers sent by a man to a woman constitute a promise of marriage.

A candidate in order to be eligible to membership in the St. Nicholas Club, New York, must be a descendant of a family resident in this country before 1787.

In Thibet the law allows women several living husbands. A lad there recently gave a horrified young missionary the names of five men when asked who his father was.

Neither Sir Garnet Wolseley nor Sir Beauchamp Seymour has a son to keep alive the peerage each has won. The admiral is unmarried, and Sir Garnet has only a daughter.

The new election law in Italy, under which the people recently voted for the first time, gives the right of suffrage to every man of the age of twenty-one years, who knows how to read and write.

In his last Sunday sermon, Henry Ward Beecher said in his opinion Adam and Eve should have been simply spanked and sent to bed for eating the forbidden fruit, like children who offend their parents.

A novelty in the way of legislation is announced from South Australia. Mr. Colton has, it appears, introduced a bill in the Assembly making it a penal offence for boys under 15 years of age to smoke in public places.

An enormous bunch of grapes, carefully enclosed in a glass case, was shown through Michigan by a peddler, who had for sale sprouts from what he said was a vine of the same variety. The exhibit was at length discovered to be wax work. He was arrested.

A cruel joke is reported in a Sheffield paper. The promoters of a church bazar received an offer from Manchester of a horse and trap. One of went to the railway station to receive the present, which proved to nothing more or less than a clothes-horse and a mouse-trap.

IT IS BUT WRETCHED POLICY to allow yourself to drift into an incurable disease, by neglecting the earliest and most tractable symptoms. By contentedly waiting for a Cold to get well of itself, many a one has so damaged the structure of his Lungs, as to put himself beyond the reach of medicines, before being conscious of danger. How much safer on the first indication of a Cold, to resort to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an efficacious remedy for Coughs, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections, and sure to exert a beneficial influence on the organs of the chest.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it, are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

J. W. C.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Missentowa, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. K.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. K. S.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. E. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

C. L

THE PARLOR-DOOR.

The silver moonbeams flickered with the shadows on the floor,
And he covered both her rosy cheeks with kisses o'er and o'er;
But he never will go back to do it any more,
For her father lay in wait for him behind the parlor-door.

And the rustling rose-leaves trembled to a sudden rushing roar,
And he felt a strange sensation that he'd never felt before;
And an anguish filled his being to its utmost mortal core;
And he felt as though his body was one vast and moving sore.

Now he'll never serenade her with the twanging of his lute;
From the tree of disappointment he has eaten bitter fruit;
And he's sworn that he will never, never press his loving suit
Where the father of the family wears a number fourteen boot.

—W. C. WILLIS.

Humorous.

The latest thing out—The man with the latch-key.

When a person declares that his brain is on fire, is it etiquette to blow it out?

What poem does barking your shin remind you of? Gray's I. e g, of course.

A family who have recently moved into a suite of rooms, received an elegantly-worked motto last week, which read as follows: "Heaven bless our flat."

A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting lady-love that it was his firm determination to drown himself or perish in the attempt.

When you see it stated that a man is "eminently respectable," you can make up your mind he is a chap worth over $1,000,000. Anything less is simply "esteemed citizen."

The grasshopper has, according to its size, 120 times the kicking power of an average man. It must be exciting times for the young grasshoppers which go courting and find the old man at home.

Dong Tong is the name of a very successful Chinese artist in Chicago. He has painted the picture of a man and a dog, and you can tell which is the man and which is the dog almost at a single glance.

Baby has told a fib. "Oh, how naughty it is to tell a lie!" said the mother. "God will be much troubled." The child, after some reflection, "I won't tell him, mamma; I won't say my prayers to-night."

It is with tears in our eyes that we notice the bean crop has been a failure. These tears, however, are partially dried up when we glean from agricultural friends that the late rains have not seriously injured the pork crop, which looks extremely healthy and free from phylloxera, the young pigs being especially vigorous.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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Garmore's Artificial Ear Drum.

As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them even whispers distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular Free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived by bogus ear drums. Mine is the only successful artificial Ear Drum manufactured.

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R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in the world that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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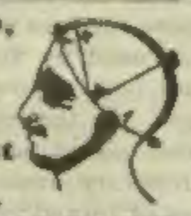

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